

PHOTOPLAY



OVEMBER

25 CENTS

Hollywood
Scrambled
Love

CAROLE
LOMBARD
BY
TCHETCHET

WHY THE MILLION DOLLAR PICTURES
ARE COMING BACK



HENRY THE EIGHTH knew his etiquette

Ere he met the haughty Aragon sent by Spain to be his wife . . . before he poured out his heart to the young and luscious Anne Boleyn . . . before he wooed the poor, pale Jane Seymour . . . before he stormed the frigid heart of Anne of Cleves, or the warmer ones of Catherine Howard, his "rose without a thorn," and dutiful Catherine Parr, Henry the Eighth had the sense to do one thing as necessary as it was fastidious; that his breath might be above reproach, he chewed the leaf of mint. Egotist that he was, he realized that neither his riches nor his charm, his position nor his power, could be of great avail if he had halitosis. Even a king couldn't get away with it . . .

You Never Know

You never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault. What is more, everyone is likely to have it at some time or other because, even in normal mouths, fermentation of tiny food particles goes on. Objectionable odors are bound to rise.

The wise precaution, the wholly



CATHERINE HOWARD CATHERINE PARR



CATHERINE
of ARAGON



ANNE BOLEYN



ANNE of CLEVES



JANE SEYMOUR

delightful one, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine—every day and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine's antiseptic and germicidal action quickly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. The breath becomes wholesome, sweet, agreeable. The entire mouth feels clean, fresh, invigorated.

Don't offend others needlessly when it is so easy to make yourself agreeable with this trustworthy deodorant. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense
Quickly Checks Halitosis

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Cool, calculating, hard, she spun the Wheel of Fortune in a roaring cauldron of untamed, clashing humanity . . . the Gold Coast . . . Against this sweeping canvas of a nation in the making, Samuel Goldwyn has created a production so magnificent, challenging and thrilling to the imagination that it will hold you spellbound.

SAMUEL
GOLDWYN
presents

BARBARY COAST

with

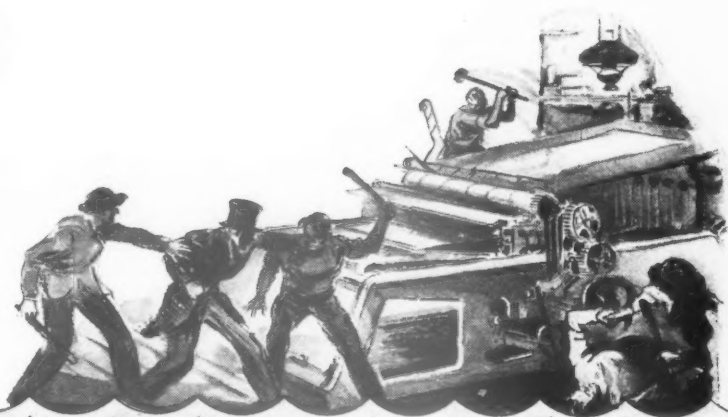
MIRIAM HOPKINS

EDW. G. ROBINSON

• JOEL McCREA •

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Screenplay by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists



YOU HAVE WAITED 7 YEARS FOR THIS!

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"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'!"

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with
JACK BENNY • ELEANOR POWELL • ROBERT TAYLOR

UNA MERKEL • FRANCES LANGFORD
SID SILVERS • BUDDY EBSEN
JUNE KNIGHT • VILMA EBSEN
HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

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Never before revealed! The Private Life of Fred Astaire!

Frederick L. Collins brings you the real "inside" story of the greatest male star of the screen today.

The Voice from the Grave That Is Guiding Hollywood. Whose Is It?

Astounding in its warnings, amazing in its truths, awesome in its predictions. Don't miss this startling revelation.

Nelson Eddy, the Magnificent

Next month you will see the handsome singing star Nelson Eddy wearing the latest Fall suits.

Exclusively for Photoplay, Marlene Dietrich has broken her long silence on her directorial split with Josef Von Sternberg

Read what Dietrich thinks about her own future.

ANOTHER MURDER! ANOTHER BODY IS FOUND—FACE DOWN, a brutal-looking knife sticking from its back! Who has been marked for the kill this time? ALL IN THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF "FACE DOWN." This master mystery of Hollywood rushes on at an even more breath-taking, hair-raising pace.

These and many other
absorbing features are in
December PHOTOPLAY,
out November 5

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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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VOL. XLVIII NO. 6

NOVEMBER, 1935

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Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas (Helene Gahagan) hurry in to their seats to see "Top Hat" unfolded



When "Top Hat" opened in Hollywood: Marlene Dietrich and Elizabeth Allan enter



Playwright Benn Levy and wife, Constance Cummings, were among the notables at the "Top Hat" premiere

Letters

ARTICLE TIMELY

I CERTAINLY think the article, "What Really Happens to Movie Children," in the August PHOTOPLAY was very timely, as I can imagine the crowds of mothers that must be flocking to Hollywood to show the studios their "Shirley Temples." I surely hope that many of these mothers will read this article and benefit by Mrs. Shirley's [mother of Anne Shirley—Ed.] advice.

O. HENRY HERTZLER, Lancaster, Penna.

NEW INSTITUTION

"BECKY SHARP" has definitely established Technicolor as a grand old American institution, a necessity to moving pictures. How drab and dull films now seem after revelling in the artistic coloring of Miriam Hopkins' hit vehicle! This color process is a boon to lifeless, matter-of-fact, otherwise colorless photographic adventures!

RUBY M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

COVERS PRAISED

FELLOW fans please join me in paeans of praise to the editor and owners of PHOTOPLAY who have given us Monsieur Tchetchet whose

You can only tell a few what you think of a film and players. You reach thousands in "Letters"

portraits have appeared on the covers of this magazine. Recall the first—the beautiful Irene Dunne. Tchetchet's brush gave us an acute likeness, and what could have been more fitting for his introduction to us than this picture of one who represents American womanhood of the loveliest type? Tchetchet next painted Joan Bennett—and behold! She lived before our very eyes! He caught her delicate childlike sweetness in a portrait that is breathtaking in its beauty. The fragile type. And then September's PHOTOPLAY with Ann Harding gracing the cover. Against a background of royal blue, the magician set Miss Harding's classic beauty, and we have her exactly as she is—a lady who looks every inch a queen.

It cannot be that PHOTOPLAY and the artist could fail to give us, in this series of paintings, a portrait of a woman who is no one type, but all types, from naïve to sophisticate. Please

give us the loveliest of them all—Greta Garbo—the woman with the whole world in her eyes!

BETTY BAYLISS, Atlanta, Ga.

McLAGLEN NOT UGLY

FOR the most part I like your magazine, but I must say that I resent the use of the word "ugly" in Walter Ramsey's article [The Man Who Plays "The Informer," September PHOTOPLAY—Ed.] as applied to the personal appearance of Victor McLaglen. It is a horrid word and has no place whatever in a description of Mr. McLaglen. Mere regularity of feature does not constitute beauty, nor does the lack of it produce ugliness. Surely strength of character is stamped on this man's face, a warm heart greets us in his infectious smile, and a great beauty of soul looks out through his eyes. It is enough.

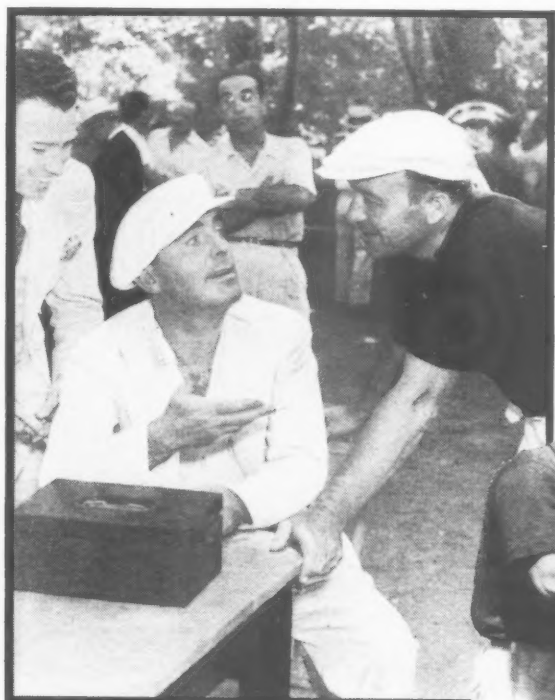
ELSIE M. KING, Santa Cruz, Calif.

WANTED: COMPOSERS

IN this day of radio, you can't fool the people with bits from operas and symphonies in the movies. I think the motion picture studios need more first class composers to write

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 6]

JUST A MASQUERS' MESS



Pat O'Brien talks it over with Bob Armstrong—maybe it's a question of Bob's ticket, how much the shindy took in, or another beer



Vince Barnett was set at the gate to see no ladies got into the movie actors' club picnic



Bob Armstrong and Frank McHugh saw to it that the eats were washed down very nicely



Sam Hardy did a land-office business at the cigar stand—or is he trying to slip that fistful to cameraman Fink? Fink no say



Lee Tracy did very handsomely by the food, and it certainly looks as if the boys didn't go hungry. One grand 'n' glorious outing!

Letters

People from all over the world discuss pictures and stars on these pages. When movie-goers speak, Hollywood listens



On location—Margaret Sullivan can do three things at one and the same time during lunch period of the "So Red the Rose" company: Eat, read, and rest. But John Boles, taking out time on location with "Rose of the Rancho," has a big time with a turtle. Hungry again

cinema, and PHOTOPLAY is to be congratulated for keeping their memory alive.

JOHN S. ANTKOWIAK, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAS SUBSTANCE

WHY not have more movies that have substance to them like "Break of Hearts"? I call this a worthwhile picture: worthwhile to produce, and worthwhile to see.

DUANE R. BASSETT, Bennington, Vt.

ALL FOR COLOR

THERE has been much praise of "Becky Sharp," of the beauty and naturalness of the color effects. A few, of course find flaws, though mostly minor ones. For instance, the lip make-up seemed crude to some, and others noticed an unpleasant contrast in the appearance of Becky's hands. I thought the acting splendid, and the color effects added greatly to the charm of the picture. It surely was easier to understand Becky's allure, when viewing her warm, glowing beauty in its true tints. From small hamlets to large cities, motion pictures have greatly influenced and improved the styles, manners, and speech of men and women.

Will this new Technicolor bring still further improvement—that of correct use of color combinations in dress, to fit each particular type? Women may read much advice on style and beauty, but actually to see for oneself, continually, the effects created by color experts on living, moving figures would be a much more effective lesson along that line.

D. L. R., Minneapolis, Minn.

LIFE AS IT IS

I AM one of the thousands of busy mothers who find real enjoyment and relaxation in the movies. There is nothing like them for banishing care and making life more worthwhile. Why can't we have more shows depicting life as it really is in the home of the common people? If we could see our own problems on the screen we would get a new

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]
original music. Here's hoping for a better use of music in the movies.

ROSS SPENCER, Denver, Colorado

TO KAREN MORLEY

IT is difficult to realize that the mild, soft-spoken miner's girl of "Black Fury," and the insidious, tawdry moll of "Scarface" were portrayed by the same actress. Only one as versatile as Karen Morley could be capable of both. She gave a characterization in "Black Fury" that will live long.

EUDORA LUNDBLAD, St. Paul, Minn.

HEPBURN BACKED

I HAVE read your article: "Is Hepburn Killing Her Own Career?" I want the world to know exactly what I think of Katharine Hepburn. Since "Bill of Divorcement," I have worshipped her no less. I love her for what she is—so different from the rest. I don't believe that Hepburn's career is over. Garbo has been in Hollywood ten years—a

full fledged star for over half that time. Garbo has made twenty pictures; Hepburn eight, including "Alice Adams." And Kirtley Baskette says she is slipping. When I attended "Break of Hearts," the ushers were far from "playing solitaire on the empty seats."

MARION BOYD, Atlanta, Ga.

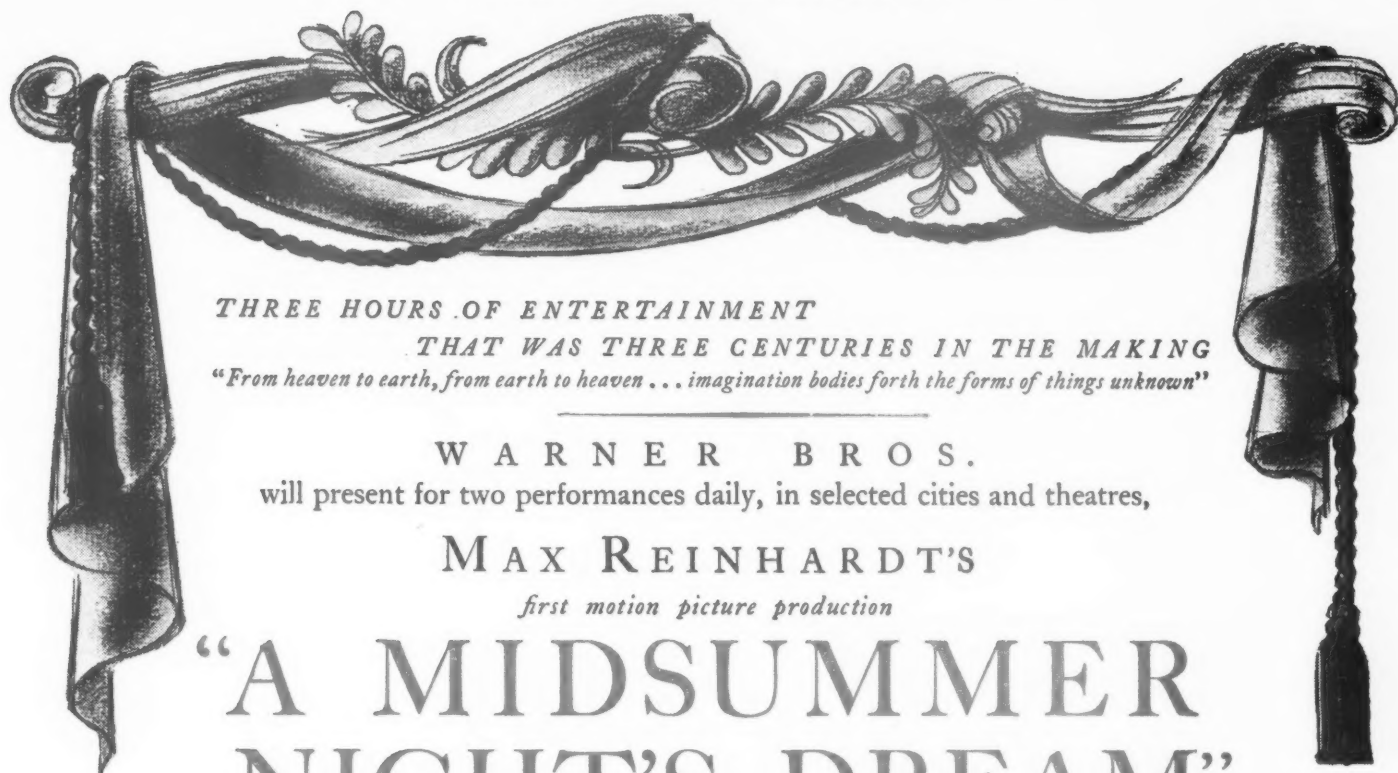
UNFAIR, UNJUST

PERMIT me to say that I felt the comparison in the September PHOTOPLAY of Ann Harding's exclusiveness and Hepburn's "screen suicide" was both unfair and unjust. Hepburn has no logical reason for her actions, while Ann Harding has had all the reason in the world for keeping to herself. She has done so with dignity and sincerity.

MRS. G. K., Erie, Pa.

ALBUM PRAISED

THANK you ever so much for giving PHOTOPLAY readers the interesting PHOTOPLAY's Memory Album. It is nice to meet the stars of yesterday who made possible the art of the



THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
 THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
 will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
 accompanied by the immortal music of
 FELIX MENDELSSOHN

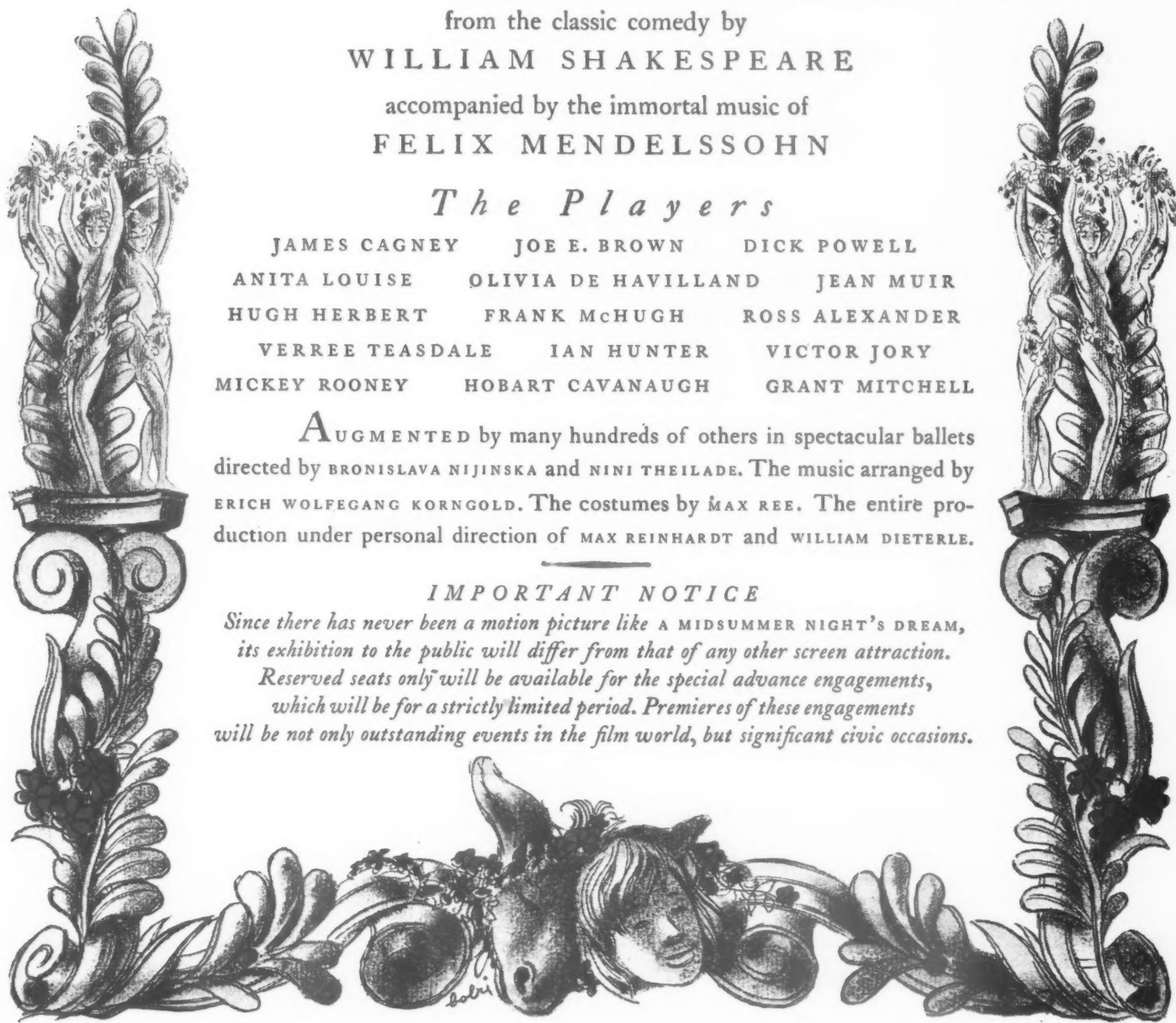
The Players

JAMES CAGNEY	JOE E. BROWN	DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE	OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT	FRANK McHUGH	ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE	IAN HUNTER	VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY	HOBART CAVANAUGH	GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFEGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sydney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (Oct.)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British.—A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century.—United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century.—United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good (July)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the Philo Vance who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

★ **CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT**—Fox.—Warner Oland, as the Chinese philosopher-detective, goes to the tombs of the Pharaohs this time to encounter murder and unravel the mysteries. Pat Patterson, Thomas Beck, Stepin Fetchit. A-1 for Chan fans. (Sept.)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (Oct.)

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Sept.)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties," Diamond Jim Brady. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (Oct.)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (Oct.)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to re-discover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rolf is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothorn is the romantic prize. (July)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Mistaken as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (Sept.)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominions—United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the waif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*



The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen — and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.



MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protégé of Pavlova.



SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.



Beautiful **GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A FOX
PICTURE

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with
NINO MARTINI

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

ANITA LOUISE

MARIA GAMBARELLI

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer

Directed by Alfred E. Green

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS



Kay Hughes and Margo are having plenty of fun as Warner Baxter keeps a watchful eye to see that it's the aquatic type of fish that these two catch



You're right. The man behind that beard is Warner Baxter. With his director William Wellman, he scans the rushes of "Robin Hood of Eldorado," on location



Warner Baxter is not only an excellent actor but he is also pretty handy in a kitchen. His famous chili and beans is considered a very popular dish in camp

MERRY MEN AND GIRLS



Riding on one of the old stage coaches is a new thrill for Ann Loring. Eric Linden, Margo and Kay Hughes have found the ride a bit bumpy



It looks as though Warner Baxter and his companions Mrs. and Mr. Wellman, and Kay Hughes are displaying signs of sentiment before they depart from location



Bruce Cabot, another member of the cast of "Robin Hood of Eldorado," is determined to make a ringer pitching horse shoes with Eric Linden near location

Hollywood Goes To The Rodeo



That rootin', tootin' ridin' sure gets 'em. What a gleam it's put into the eyes of Peggy Walters (center above) and Alice Faye. Lyle Talbot, left, and William Seymour

Above, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler take a breather between the exciting events at the Gilmore stadium



The Weissmullers just wouldn't miss a Rodeo. And Lupe Velez takes the fun big, but Johnny's a serious one



A tense moment, as the expressions of Don Alvarado, Binnie Barnes, and Bill Gargan graphically show

It's as though the Joel McCreas (Frances Dee) felt the neck-snapping bronc busting themselves

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

THIS little anecdote of our beloved Will Rogers is a worthy tribute to the man himself—his own words, too.

Sometime ago while in Hollywood, I was with others talking to Will, when someone suggested that he seemed to do his acting with ease.

"Well," Will replied, "if you're doing what you like to do, and people like what you're doing, it just ain't no trouble at all to anybody."

There's a lot of profound philosophy in those simple words. And how characteristic of Will!

CHICAGO exhibitors have been putting "bank nights" over in a big way. You've heard of "bank nights," of course; perhaps you have them in your city, too. But in case you don't know, "bank night" is a minor equivalent for a sweep-stake drawing. Not so minor, either, for two hundred movie houses in Chicago have been giving away weekly some \$25,000 in cash.

If you happen to hold the right ticket you win the grand prize. But you must be present when the drawing is made. Lots of people with tickets can't get in—crowds of from 10,000 to 25,000 are attracted to the theater.

The whole enterprise has grown so big it is rapidly getting out of control of its sponsors.

THE film exchange managers don't like it. It is almost impossible to unscramble the division of box-office between theater and exchanges for pictures playing on a percentage.

Starting last March, with a few houses, "bank nights" have grown like a Florida land boom.

Meantime, the courts have already been called in. In New York City in test cases the plaintiff argued, in substance, that theaters using this method to attract audiences were operating games of chance. A Brooklyn judge ruled that "lucky" was legal. In Wisconsin, Ohio and Nebraska cases are pending in the courts.

All this is good for neither exhibitors, producers nor picture patrons. A theater is no place for a lottery.

THEN there's that old standby evil—the double feature. I've never known motion picture theatergoers to proclaim their enthusiasm for the "two-in-one" show. Exhibitors, in general, appear to regard it as necessary—because "competition requires it."

As for the producers themselves, you can sadden most of them, in their gayest mood, by just casually bringing up the subject.

Darryl Zanuck showed spirit and courage by refusing to exhibit "Les Miserables" tagged—and damned—on a double bill. Other pictures of other companies, recently released, or about to be, represent such a huge investment and are on such a gigantic scale that they must be run by themselves.

Maybe we are about to see the beginning of the end of the double feature nuisance.

THE Little Theater has continued to show marked vitality during the past summer season. The prediction made, a number of years ago, that motion pictures would eventually kill this movement proved to be a false prophecy.

On the contrary, these dramatic art centers scattered throughout the land have been watched very carefully by the studios, not only in the hope but in the expectation, of unearthing new talent for Hollywood.

While the flowering of the screen was in progress, the stage as a definite money-making business was dying of inanition.

OF late, it is true, "road shows" have been coming back. Witness, for example, the remarkable run of "Three Men on a Horse." Perhaps the turning tide of prosperity may have something to do with this, but, by and large, the "legitimate stage" is practically non-existent in centers where it formerly flourished.

Even vaudeville has been steadily going down and down. The performers have not lost their skill. It is the times that have changed. The juggler, the tight-rope walker and the trained seal have lost their allure. But not so with the Little Theater movement. That seems to possess the vitality of the earth from which it springs. However, popular as it is, today it is largely regarded as a means to an end—playwrights hope to win the attention of Broadway, and the actors have the same goal in mind, or—beyond that—Hollywood.

IF motion pictures had never been invented, one might safely suggest that Little Theaters today would be as numerous as automobile service stations.

But, in my belief, that is no matter for regret. It would be as difficult to imagine a world without films as it would be to conceive one without autos.

ACCORDING to Motion Picture Herald: "One of the severest blows dealt the cause of vaudeville in recent years lies in the record of the exclusively films policy of Loew's Capitol on Broadway, where 'China Seas' completed three successful weeks, when stage shows were eliminated for the first time since the theater was opened in 1919.

"The Loew circuit and others believe that with a large percentage of meritorious films being released there will be no need for bolstering stage shows even on Broadway, while the booking agents blame the increased trend to theater poolings and the accompanying decrease in competition, as well as the labor situation, for accelerating the 'back to film' movement.

"Considered highly indicative of the general trend is that whereas Loew's five years ago scheduled stage shows in thirty-six of its theaters as a regular policy and last year, with fluctuations, in twelve, this year only three theaters will play vaudeville regularly—Loew's State, New York; the Century, Baltimore; and the Fox, Washington, all week stands."

A STAR can put a dozen persons on the road to fame and wealth by an idea from which she never directly derives a penny. A new idea for a coiffure, and the hairdresser is made famous overnight. The new style becomes the rage.

But, remember, it is the star's own individuality that creates the novelty—though the man who follows her suggestions gets the credit.

And so it may be with gowns, too. The famous ones of the screen more often than not know what best becomes them.

Their judgment of themselves in such matters is a combination of intuition and intelligence, because they were born with the ability to know how to attract and please others.

"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears . . .



The Girl He Left Behind Him



Slaves in the First Frenzy of Freedom



A Son of the South Goes Forth to War



A Daughter's Love Heals War's Wounds



A Last Sad Parting as the Bugles Sound



Women Await the Dreaded News



War's Axes Smash a Southern Home

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.



The Pictures Tell the Story

JOAN BLONDELL and George Barnes have been together constantly for the past four years. They fell very solidly in love a year before they were married. They saw no one but each other all during the courtship. They worked together all day on the set, and then saw each other every evening, including holidays.

Even on New Year's Eve, when everyone is touched with a gregarious yearning, George and Joan, that betrothed year, slipped into his car and rode out miles to the desert—away from the world.

They went to parties—yes—but they stuck together like postage stamps. And this was before they were married.

After the ceremony, Joan and George literally never stirred out of one another's sight.



George photographed all Joan's pictures. He watched her through a camera finder when he wasn't watching her out of his own two eyes. Between scenes, Joan ambled over to the camera and sat beside George.

Then home. If they went out, it was together — no matter where. That's a tough assignment for Romance.

It's even tougher in Hollywood where every member of the screen colony finds his or her orbit narrowed down to the same old things, day in and day out. Where stars actually flee from themselves on trips to anywhere — just to change the scenery.

Love, like anything else, must have a change now and then.

And now, Joan has filed for divorce.



Senorita

Hmm-mm, howsa about this, folks? The petite blonde Alice Faye, in the Fox film "Music and Magic." Alice has certainly risen to high rating since her advent into the movies less than two years ago. And now she goes senorita, which should prove very interesting



William Walling, Jr.

Youth

Dainty Joan Bennett comes into her own in the leading rôle of "Rich Man's Daughter," for Columbia. George Raft will play opposite her. Also in the cast are Billie Burke and bluff Walter Connolly

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Why Coty "Air Spun" will change all your ideas about face powder



WHATEVER your experiences have been with other powders . . . prepare to forget them when you try Coty Air Spun.

For in a very real and dramatic way Coty Air Spun Powder is entirely different from any face powder you have ever used.

Where other powders are made by "mechanical" methods—by grinding and sifting—this new-type powder is *spun by air*.

Imagine! A powder buffed by rushing torrents of air! Swirled in a fantastic snow-storm! Spun and driven until it reaches a softness and a smoothness never equaled by any other face powder.

The texture of Coty Air Spun is so smooth that the powder lies flat and even

on your skin, brings a new softness to your complexion, hides tiny lines and blemishes.

The shades, *spun in*, look like warm, living skin tints—young and radiant. Scents are subtler and longer-lasting.

And Air Spun Powder *clings* longer! For it is a scientific fact that the smoother the powder, the "friendlier" it is to skin texture.

A NEW, LARGER BOX, \$1.00

Coty Air Spun Powder—in its famous odeurs, L'Origan, L'Aimant, "Paris," Emeraude—comes in a new, larger box . . . almost half again as large. The newest shades are—"Soleil d'Or" and "Perle Rose."

Come with Coty to a new world of beauty!



NEW, TENDER TEXTURE

—because it is Air Spun—

The moment you touch Air Spun Powder you can tell the difference . . . the texture is so smooth. This smoother powder lies even and flat on the skin . . . hides tiny lines and wrinkles . . . gives a new softness to your complexion.



WARMER, YOUNGER SHADES

—because it is Air Spun—

Each of Coty's 12 shades is matched to a perfect debutante complexion. Then the tints are *air spun* into the powder . . . smoothly, subtly blended. In this way Coty brings new warmth . . . truer, younger tones to face powder.



LOYAL—IT CLINGS LONGER

—because it is Air Spun—

It is a scientific fact that the smoother the powder, the better it "holds." Chemists say that "Air Spun particles are friendlier to your skin." That's why the powder clings much longer.

Coty



Above, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, as they returned from their honeymoon in 1933, only to be divorced last year. Left, Stephen Ames, Adrienne's predecessor to Bruce, and wife Raquel Torres. Recently they all met. Just what would you have done?



Above, Lee Tracy, "ex" beau of Isabel Jewell, and Estelle Taylor, "ex" wife of Jack Dempsey, when Lee and Estelle were called "Hollywood's newest romance." But, below, Estelle is now linked with wealthy "Van" Smith, but the report is that Nancy and "Van" are to be married, yet where does that leave the romance of Estelle Taylor and "Van" Smith?



HOLLYWOOD

A FEW nights ago Adrienne Ames sat in the Cafe Trocadero being decently and restfully bored.

At her table sat two young men who might have been out-of-town visitors, or maybe even relatives, for certainly the Ames group was far from scintillating as they watched the dancers on this extraordinarily warm night in late September.

The lovely Adrienne looked tired, the young men looked tired, and the dancers looked tired and warm. And when a girl is honestly tired after a hard day's work at the studio, there's no particular reason for looking otherwise, is there?

Adrienne was as relaxed as a babe in arms, when suddenly, Mr. Stephen Ames (Adrienne's Ex) arrived in a party with the new Mrs. Ames (Raquel Torres), her sister Renee and Victor Orsatti.

Now maybe Mr. Ames had been a little warm and tired, too, before he reached the cafe where his ex-wife was dining. Maybe he was just as warm as his former wife, and possibly he might



William Powell and the blonde Carole Lombard, right, married and were divorced. Then Carole and Bob Riskin, writer, top, became definitely interested in each other, and William and Jean Harlow. But there was a situation — which Carole handled neatly!



SCRAMBLED LOVE

How would you conduct yourself if you couldn't get away from ex-husbands, wives, sweethearts?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

have enjoyed eating his meal in an equal state of relaxation.

But such was not to be the case; for suddenly the Trocadero was as wired for animation and pep in general as though Jack Oakie had brought his electric chair!

Such fun as everybody began to have!

Mr. Ames could hardly wait to get to his table to ask Raquel to dance.

And the conversational subject that landed feet first at Adrienne's table must have been the most amusing in the world, so general and almost insistent was the laughter.

But it wasn't until Bruce Cabot walked in with the director of his newest picture, that the "Troc" practically got out of hand in its hysterical good times. For surely you remember the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Georgie Jessel and Norma Talmadge (above) are happily married, but at one gathering they met Merle Oberon, Joseph Schenck, all that was needed were Gilbert Roland (left, with Norma), Constance Bennett — well, read how the pattern fits

WHY GABLE HAS



Above, Gable the rugged, simple, and direct—as direct as his attack on that snack while on location

Left, Clark as Fletcher Christian, in M-G-M's "Mutiny on the Bounty," with Mamo, a native Tahitian belle

FIVE years ago, Clark Gable said: "I'll be lucky if this lasts five years."

To say now, after those five years have passed, that Clark Gable is really just arriving at success may sound like the addled mutterings of some Rip Van Winkle peering in cobwebby puzzlement at the wonders of Hollywood. A Rip whose snores were sound enough to shut out the febrile huzzahs which during the past four years have acclaimed Clark Gable the greatest masculine idol since Rudolph Valentino, indeed the only one that can be confidently mentioned with that heart shattering Sheik.

Clark Gable arrived, anyone will tell you, the day he walked on the set of "Dance, Fools, Dance." He arrived when the whole set instinctively turned and looked at the tall, broad-shouldered masterful guy and kind of drew in a short breath exhaled during a long, naive, rude stare. Nobody knew who this lad was, but they felt what he was.

Clark Gable arrived, those days

STAYED AT THE TOP



After "Dance, Fools, Dance," as Joan Crawford's leading man, the hue and cry for more Gable was on

Gable's love of the outdoors is no pose—he's top shooting man in all Hollywood—particularly at "skeet"



The story of how Clark has been able to face and survive the hardest test put to his conceit—fanatical woman worship

By CHET GREENE

after "Dance, Fools, Dance," and "The Secret Six" when the public responded with a jerk to his new-shot of s. a. adrenalin. They swamped the studio with letters, and excited theater exhibitors all over the country shot wires to Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer demanding: "Who is this new guy? What's the idea of keeping him under wraps?"

He arrived at a sensation—yes—he arrived at lucky strike, an unbelievable bonanza—sure—but just recently with "The Call of the Wild," "China Seas" (and although you haven't seen it yet, it's safe to include "Mutiny on the Bounty") he hooked those three picture pegs onto a ledge of solid success.

To do five years after that first hit was a much harder job than becoming a sensation, for a whole lot of reasons, believe you me.

It takes something. Clark has it.

"Whatever comes of all of this," he said during those first heady moments of new hero worship, "it's still okay with me. Even if I go down as fast as I've jumped up, it's still a lucky break."

He meant it. He was so sick and tired of touring the sticks in the "B" shows and in stock companies. So weary of being shunted off to dreary stands that seemed to lead to worse than nowhere, so familiar with that dreaded two-weeks notice that he said with a grateful sigh:

"I'll be thankful if they'll just let me stay here and work."

It might have been that gratitude, so deeply felt, which has

helped Clark Gable face and survive the toughest test a man ever had put to his own conceit—public, world wide, fanatical woman worship.

But then it might have been several other things, too.

Clark had had his ears well beaten down by short-lived one-night stand fames, wetted down by disappointments. He had considered himself set once on Broadway and found himself shagging the sidewalks the next month hunting a job.

Whether or not he cynically observed his sensational break as a mushroom destined to dry up and pop into dust in a few weeks, he told a friend: "Don't worry, I know they're not hailing me as an actor or anything like that. I'm not so flattered. It isn't any compliment to me. I just happen to represent something to 'em, that's all."

You could speculate about a number of things which set Clark off on the right foot.

The kind of a down to earth regular fellow he was to start with. The realistic background of factory work, oil drilling, mountain engineering. The fact that being past thirty, he had more than the average lady-killer's balance. The fact that when he arrived at M-G-M he couldn't have helped notice the struttings of Jack Gilbert and one or two other idols of the weaker sex still in vogue at that time. Jokes to some around the lot, Clark might well have resolved to keep away from anything like that.

You might consider his sense of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Claudette Colbert and her director, Gregory La Cava, became devoted friends after the two had exchanged amusing nicknames. There's an interesting story behind the chair labels in the picture. It is told in this article



"THE FRETTING

THE STORY OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S

Editor's Note: The author of this keen, penetrating analysis of Claudette Colbert's true character and why she has suddenly attained the "tops" in pictures, is one of the screen's finest directors. He is also well known as a student of the arts and sciences. His knowledge of psycho-analysis and psychiatry made possible that splendid picture, "Private Worlds." His most recent picture with Miss Colbert is "She Married Her Boss."

THE "fretting frog" stormed. With all her Gallic sensitivity aroused, Claudette raged at me. Not in the childish sulky words and actions of the tempestuous, illogical female, but with keen, analytical and incisive argument.

Why must she play the scene in that manner? Why couldn't

I see the feminine viewpoint? No sane, clear-thinking woman would react to the astounding situation that had suddenly arisen in her life, in such a stupid manner.

Instead of taking it on the chin, instead of suffering in bewildered silence, she would marshal all her feminine wiles in a grand fight-to-the-finish to hold her man. She would ask no quarter and give none.

Claudette persuaded me in the end, but I was easily persuaded because I had been using a bit of psychology. I had hoped all along that this elemental emotion would be her natural reaction. Her anger aroused, challenged to prove she was right, Claudette tore into the scene with all the fire and tempestuousness of the most inspired, temperamental actress imaginable.

Truthfully I was somewhat amazed. Never having directed



Due to her shy and retiring nature, Claudette had to overcome numerous barriers that threatened her rise to fame. She has, at last, reached the heights

Miss Colbert is that type of person who is happiest when surrounded by hordes of people; but she always manages to find something to occupy her when alone



FROG"

NEW LEAP TO FAME

By GREGORY LA CAVA

Claudette before "Private Worlds" (in fact we had met for the first time a few days preceding the picture), I entertained a few preconceived notions about the young woman, most of which turned out to be wholly inaccurate.

To me, the Colbert of the screen was a cool, charming and rather beautiful young girl who had never experienced riotous emotions. She was the mental actress, the mental woman. After all, how and where could she have acquired the feeling of the crude, elemental emotions that govern the make-up and actions of the self-made, down-to-earth person who has had to fight her way up in the world?

Claudette was born and reared a "nice girl." In my years of experience as a motion picture director, I have come to understand why "nice girls" are not good actresses. Too many lady-like reactions to life which are as finely rooted in their con-

sciousness as life itself. In short, they instinctively react only to the conventional.

I wouldn't give a dime a dozen for "nice girls" as actresses. I like 'em with red-hot, inflammable temperaments.

Why? Well, for psychological reasons. The temperamental player's subconscious mind is always working. Vivid imaginations, elemental emotions. Such players can be aroused to the necessary emotional pitch and feeling. It is the director's job to harness and direct that electrical energy in a constructive manner.

No, the so-called "nice girl" never becomes a splendid actress until she overcomes conventional thinking and acting.

Claudette has made the grade. She has found herself. The shy, sensitive, introspective girl of yesterday is developing into a far more attractive, appealing, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Song Hits Make Stars and Stars Make Song Hits



Mack Gordon, the big one, and Harry Revel, "tuning"



No one can figure a song hit, but Bing Crosby can make one. Singing "Love In Bloom" to Kitty Carlisle

No sleep for songsmiths as a singing star is making her film debut, such as Gladys Swarthout, with John Boles

A STARRY-EYED Irish girl with pretty legs and a sweet smile mentions Pullman porters, a train that goes slow and lights turned down low to make an ordinarily dull excursion to Buffalo seem very attractive indeed.

may never have heard of before, hammered out the catchy score and took musicals out of the screen dog house, making stars has been all in the day's work for the song writers.

Two kinds of stars they rocket to fame. One is a personality—the other is a song.

A curly-headed, apple-cheeked lad wonders tunelessly how he could possibly say "No" when all the world is saying "Yes."

A sadly sweet young man with yellow hair huskily implores you to please lend your little ears to his pleas.

And "in the twinkling of an eye" three stars are made—Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Bing Crosby.

These three stars are directly attributable to a class of sweating, badgered craftsmen known as song writers, who spend their days and nights making more stars than D. W. Griffith, Samuel Goldwyn, or Irving Thalberg.

Ever since "42nd Street," song writing has become a big part of Hollywood's daily dozen. Ever since Al Dubin and Harry Warren, whom you



Irving Berlin, probably the most widely known song writer. The "Top Hat" melodies are his

Will you forget "42nd Street," and Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell? And there's a story!



Song writing is now a high order of craftsmanship—with a hundred and one little things to send a tunesmith daffy

By WARREN REEVE

One, if it has what it takes, will live for years and become a toast, a crush, a rave, an idol—and a wealthy individual.

The other, if it has what it takes, will die in two months.

But craze or career, brief life or longevity, the songs that Bing Crosby sings are as much stars as Bing himself. Songs are stars. Songs are personalities. Songs make stars. Songs make personalities.

Before Al Dubin and Harry Warren wrote "Shuffle Off To Buffalo" and "42nd Street," song writers were about as welcome around Hollywood as the well known pole cat at a lawn party.

Now eighty per cent of the ditties you hear over your radio are born in Hollywood, used on a studio lot. Now three out of every five movies produced have a song somewhere in the picture.

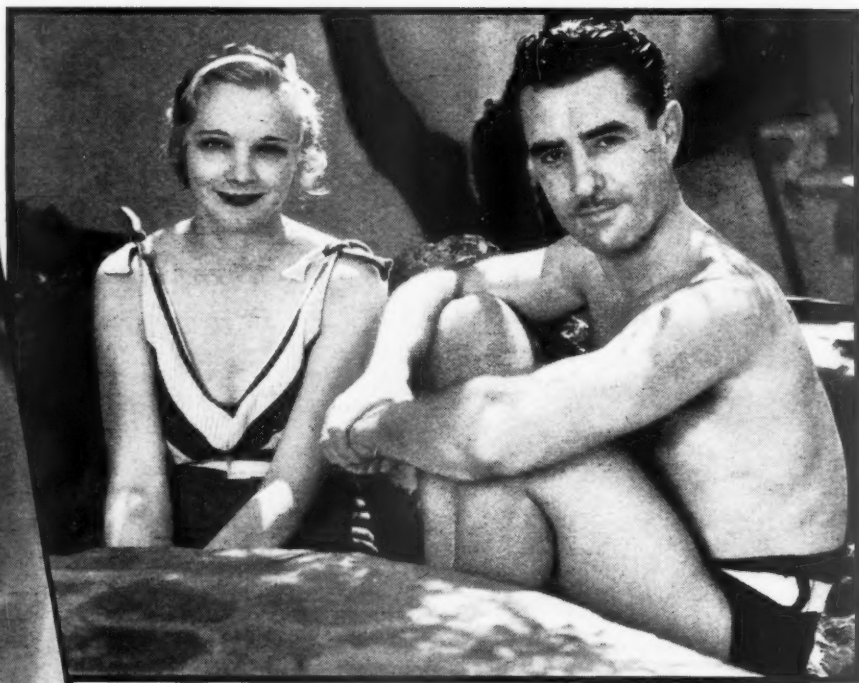
Now Tin Pan Alley, which used to dominate Broadway, has firmly lodged itself in Golden Gulch. Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin—and all the rest of them are members of the movie colony, and it would be hard indeed to say just which is the real star of a smash film musical—the star, the

song, or the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun (apologies to Gertrude Stein)—the man you never see and seldom notice on the title sheet—the song writer.

Which was the real star of "The Gay Divorcee"—Fred Astaire or "The Continental"? Who was the real hit of "She Loves Me Not," Bing Crosby or "Love In Bloom"? Or was it a couple of other guys—Con Conrad and Herb Nagidson for instance, or Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin?

Flash back again to "42nd Street." Ruby Keeler took a nice bow. Darryl Zanuck was hailed as the wonder producer. Busby Berkeley garnered undying fame for his song-dance spectacles. All very much deserved too.

But who really turned the trick at a critical time with tunes that you may still be humming—who wrote what made the musical a *musical*—the words and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Two short years of marriage with the great lover, John Gilbert, wrought vital changes in Virginia's plans

Miss Bruce was asked the question direct: "What if John Gilbert should ask you to marry him again, then?"

WHY VIRGINIA BRUCE Won't Marry for Five Years

"The most beautiful girl in Hollywood," as the young gallants call her, has a fascinating scheme of life

As told to GLADYS HALL

"I WILL not marry for five years," the beautiful Virginia Bruce said solemnly, making the sign of an oath with one hand while with the other she received a mammoth box of flowers from the maid who had been taking recurrent telephone calls.

"I will not marry for five years, not even if I should fall in love again.

"I won't marry for five years because I gave all I had to give to my first marriage—and it was not enough.

"I won't marry for five years because I must have time in which to grow up.

"Mentally and emotionally I was about fifteen when I married Jack Gilbert. I must be thirty mentally, emotionally and actually before I marry again.

"Here and now, I take this vow."

And I thought, as Virginia was speaking, that she will need to hold her vow with an iron grip of both white hands. For the young men about town call Virginia "the most beautiful girl in Hollywood." The Bruce telephone rings unrelentingly. Florists put their Sunday shoes on the doorstep and they walk

unerringly to the Bruce home. A certain man recently came from New York to the Coast just to spend a day with Virginia.

All the young men are sighing.

"I think if I had been wiser," Virginia was saying, with that something sad and remembering which always comes into her gray-blue eyes when she mentions Jack or their brief day together, "I think if I had known better how to handle situations, hold my own in arguments, fight for our happiness, Jack and I might have been together today. I did my best. I gave everything I had to give to making our marriage a success but I know now that what I had to give was too inexperienced, too immature.

"And because I failed the first time there will be no second until I have grown up.

"I developed very slowly. I'd had almost no young good times. I hadn't, as they say, 'been around.' I was brought up by the sort of parents who always called for me when I went out of an evening. I thought, I guess, that there was no cloud but only a silver lining."

And as she talked, sitting at lunch with me in her organdie-



Glorious Virginia has a particular reason for her five-year plan, and it has to do with age

A finer and more intelligent example of motherhood would be difficult to find. Susan Ann's two

draped dressing room on the M-G-M lot, beautiful with the unreal fragility of beauty, I was marveling at what two little years of profound and passionate living can do for a girl.

For I was remembering the first interview I ever had with Virginia, just after she had announced her engagement to John Gilbert. A shy sort of girl she was, then, with the eager unfinished look of the small-town girl still about her. Gold hairpins in her pale gold hair, a pink crêpe frock which looked *young*—and not done by Adrian. And a look in her eyes such as *Alice* must have had when she first spied Wonderland looming ahead.

For Virginia, so brief awhile ago, had been just a little High School girl, a little Gilbert fan in Fargo, North Dakota. She had sat tense [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

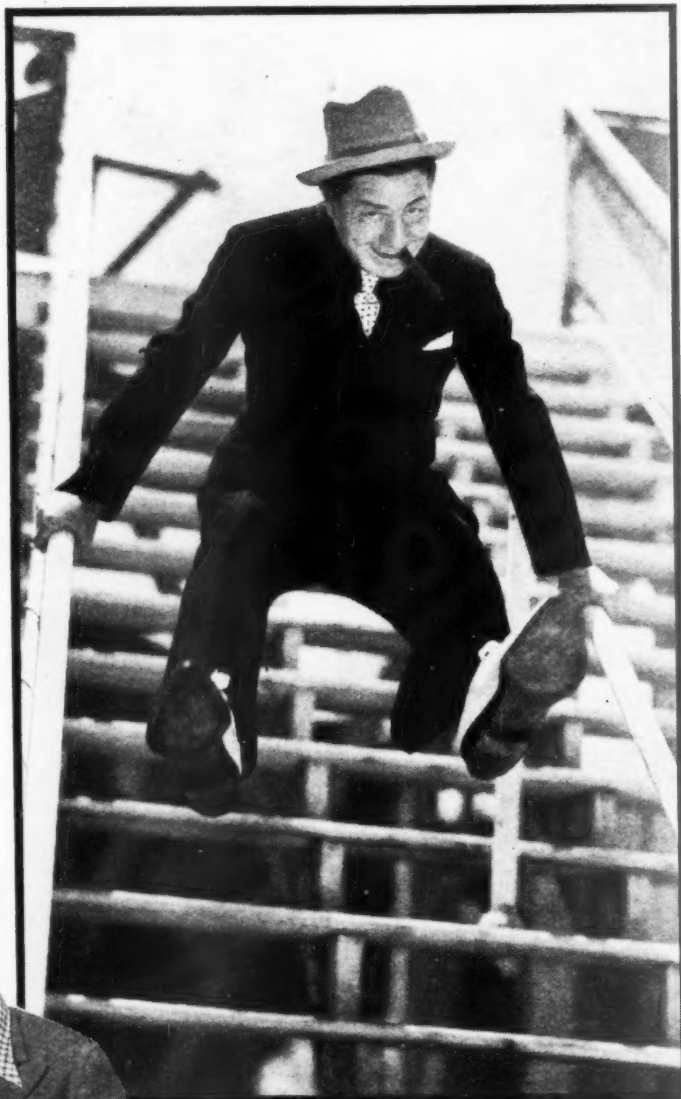
And So You Think He's FUNNY!

You think he's a born comic? No! Life beat humor out of him! So much so, he never kids! He thinks it cruel fun

By Muriel
Babcock



Joe now has a sumptuous home in Beverly Hills to clown about in



Left, Penner without a typical Pennerian gesture! An unusually rare moment for Joe. Not such a bad looking gent, either

Above, can't you hear Joe saying, "Coming right at you!" in that droll way of his? He never can resist a set of banisters

JOE PENNER may be able to send you into stitches with his clown-like absurdities, with his funny plaintive "Wanna Buy A Duck?" or "Don't Never DO That!" but there's nothing funny about the real Joe.

The story of his life contains no gags. It is not a pretty story. An honest story, yes, one of a life crammed with hard work and with heart-breaks for a sensitive, self-conscious, sweet-souled fellow whose great life ambition seems to me best expressed in his early urge to make money so he could "do nice things" and "know nice people."

Probably because he remembers the day, when a little immigrant boy, a name tag around his neck, his heart bursting with excitement, he stood on Ellis Island and surveyed a great strange new city, that he has so much humbleness and sympathy today.

Maybe he remembered this frightened, little immigrant boy who was Joe Penner at nine, when a few years ago, appearing in New York, came a call that a sick little boy about to die in a hospital was crying to see him.



Never a dull moment in the Penner ménage. The petite Eleanor May, Mrs. Penner, is a willing and active part in Joe's antics. It hasn't always been such fun for Joe, but he's certainly earned it

This happened right in the middle of "Collegiate," for Paramount, which you'll see Joe in soon. Somebody had made a crack about Goo-Goo, the duck. And as you can see, Joe wanted to fight



There was hardly time between performances to get to the hospital and back, but Joe, not knowing the boy or circumstances, went. He arrived to find a tow-headed lad swathed in bandages from a fire, dying. He sat down beside the bed, told all the stories he could think of to the boy, and then, with tears streaming down his face, rushed back to the theater.

With tears still staining his cheeks, he went on for the performance. After the performance, he wanted to go back to the hospital, but he had to take a train for another city. He was so upset about it and so unnerved for days, that finally his manager, trying to restore Joe to normal, told him the lad was better.

Another story about Joe that I like is his answer to the wealthy, influential New Yorker who wanted him to attend a swank party. "I'm sorry," said Joe, "but my wife likes the night life and the night clubs, and I've promised her to take her places tonight." Joe was in his dressing gown; his wife, Eleanor, who understands him and loves him dearly, was in her negligée. They weren't going anywhere. They were just staying home. Joe turned from the telephone to his violin and spent the evening tinkling off tunes—sad Hungarian melodies, I suppose, for they are what he loves—the whole evening long while Eleanor sat and listened.

That is gag-man Joe Penner for you!

To me, these are the sort of things that reveal the soul of a man, the stuff out of which he is made. He doesn't get a great heart overnight; he has a great heart because of the way he thinks and feels and the way he has lived. Let me tell you a little of Joe Penner's life story. It is full of bumps and heart-breaks and achievement in the face of obstacles, and it is thrillingly dramatic.

The little immigrant boy of yesterday, who stood on Ellis Island facing the skyscrapers of New York, is today an enjoyable clown with a salary in the thousands.

How did he get that way?

Joe was born, not Joe Penner, but Joseph Pinter in Hungary. Before he was old enough to talk, his mother left him with his grandparents to join his father in the strange American land. When there was money enough, and this was not until Joe was nearly nine years old, they sent for Joe and the grandparents to come to Detroit where the father had a job as a laborer in the Ford factory.

The three of them sailed steerage on the Carpathia—they had intended to get another boat, but there was delay with immigration authorities in the homeland. And such a trip. You should hear Joe tell about it. A [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



"The Last Days of Pompeii" as you can well imagine, with its opportunities for sweeping panoramic effects (above), puts the picture into the top high-cost class

Left, a scene from the adaptation of Dickens' immortal story, "A Tale of Two Cities," one of the reasons for the big spending spree of producers. Readily recognizable are Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, Donald Woods, standing; left, Reginald Owen, Henry B. Walthall, and Claude Gillingwater

Why the Million Dollar

WHETHER it is Hollywood's expression of prosperity—
Whether it is the industry's answer to the double
bill menace—

Whether it is competition, desire for prestige, or a return to
the action movie from the intimate talkie—

Or whether it is (as I strongly suspect) because the astute
gentlemen who produce the films figure they are going to make
more money by spending more money; whatever it is—

Million Dollar Pictures are coming back.

The Hollywood pocket books are wide open once more, and
the producers are spending money, not in one and two hun-
dred dollar lots, but in million dollar chunks.

You readers of PHOTOPLAY, as Mr. and Mrs. John Public,
are going to be treated to an orgy of extravagantly made,

lavish, sweeping spectacles this Fall and Winter such as you
haven't seen since the advent of talkies. I think you will
find them good pictures, too. The kind that the whole family
may go and see and go home thinking, "Well, that *was* an
evening!"

Cast your eye over this noble list of million dollar productions
with which Hollywood is endowing the movie-going world.
They are pictures of extraordinary merit, and the individual
cost, which I cite herewith, is nothing mean.

The list:

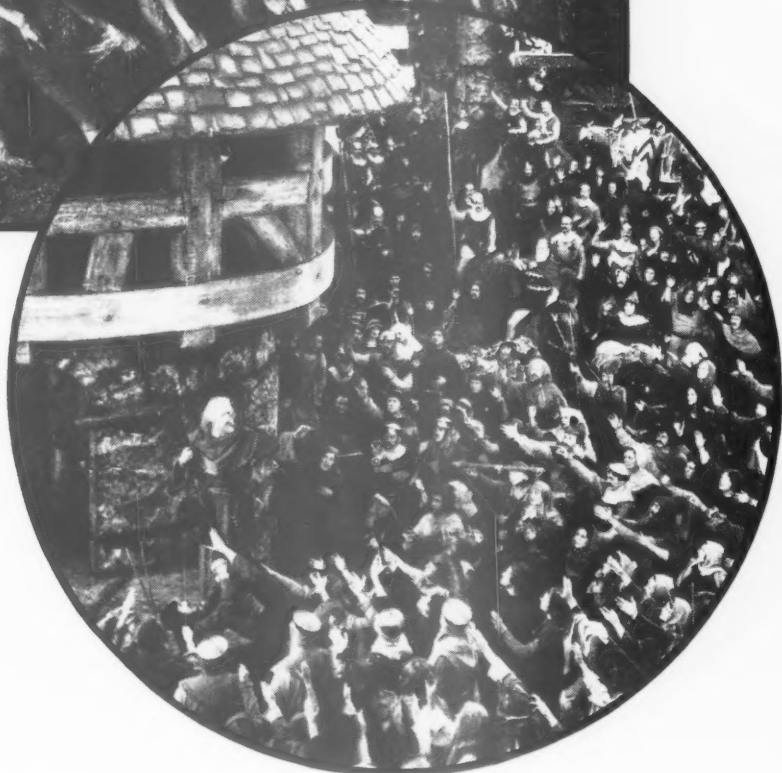
"The Crusades"—cost \$1,300,000.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" \$1,500,000 (possibly \$2,000,000
when all the figures are in).

"Tale of Two Cities" \$1,200,000.



Max Reinhardt has a name for elaborate stage spectacles, and now he has transferred his genius to the screen, with Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as his initial film offering (above)



"The Crusades," by that master artist of effective splendor, Cecil B. De Mille, lent itself admirably to a lavish treatment (right)

Pictures are Coming Back

You are going to be treated to the most lavish movies since talkies came about, and they are good ones, too

By MARIAN STEVENS

"Midsummer Night's Dream" \$1,200,000.
 "Captain Blood" \$1,000,000.
 "Barbary Coast" \$900,000.

"Last Days of Pompeii" \$950,000.
 "Little Lord Fauntleroy" \$1,000,000.
 "Robin Hood of Eldorado" \$1,000,000.
 "Broadway Melody" \$1,000,000.
 "Shark Island" \$850,000.
 "Shoot the Chutes" (Eddie Cantor) \$1,500,000.

And there will undoubtedly be more. These are the outstanding productions completed or planned at this writing.

Now, a million dollars and more is a big round figure for a Hollywood writer to toss off casually. Maybe it makes your head swim a little. Now, I can hear you ask, can producers spend so much on one motion picture and expect to make money?

Ladies and gentlemen, I refer [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



At Arlene Judge's children's party. Above, Mary and Katharine, daughters of Joe E. Brown. Right, the handsome, but bored males: left to right, front row, Phillip, Gary, and Dennis Crosby. Wesley Ruggles, Jr., Louis G. Dillie, Jack Woody, Jr. Standing, Buster Murray, Jr., and Manny Robinson

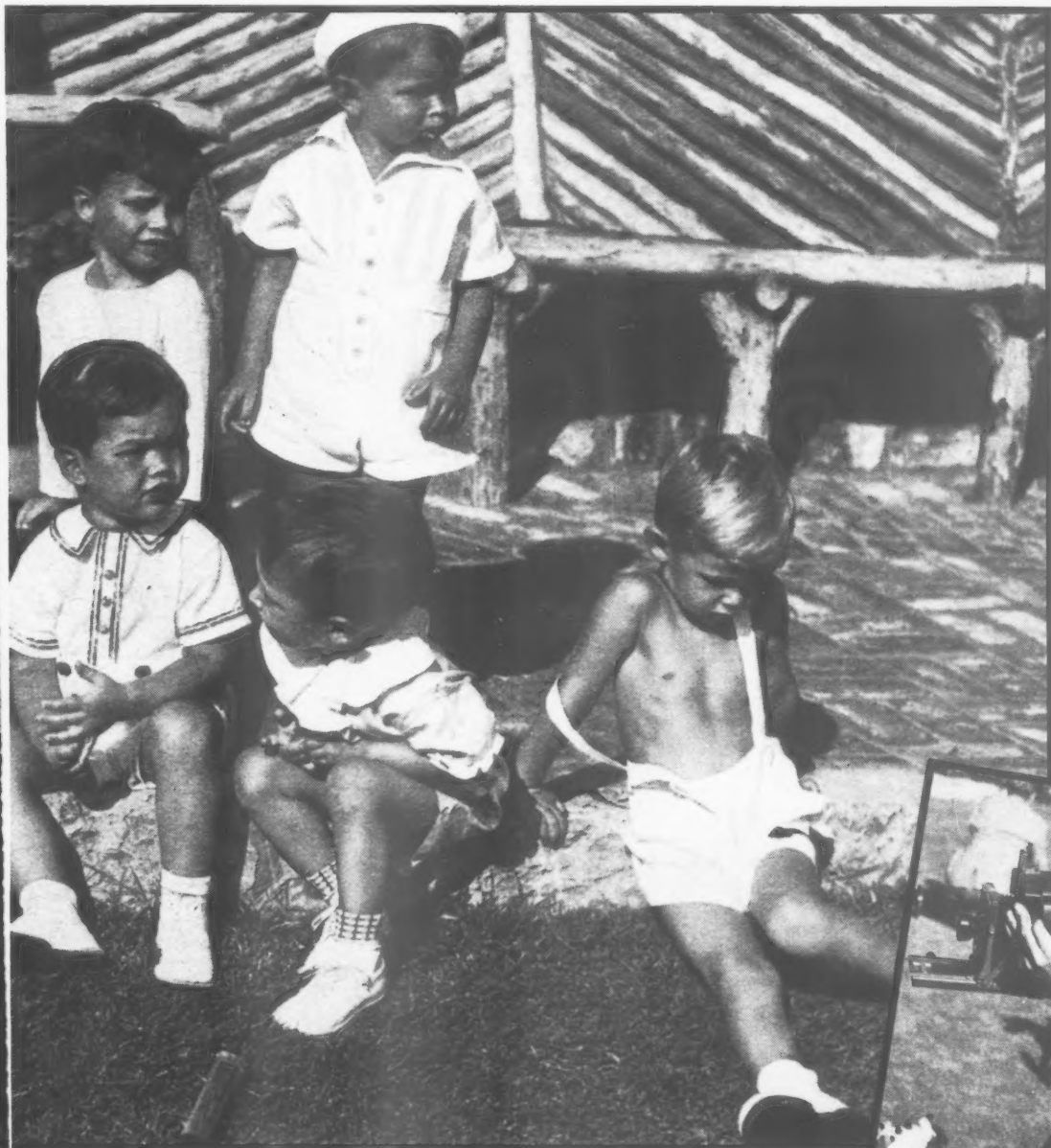


The beautiful Helen Twelve-trees and her very good-looking son, Jack Woody, Jr., had the best of times at the Arlene Judge frolic

ALL IN THE



Director Wesley Ruggles holds Wesley, Jr., and his very attractive wife, Arlene Judge, holds Miriam Hopkins' son Michael



DAY'S PLAY



Here's why Photoplay's noted cameraman, Hyman Fink, gets around to all the places: he has himself such a grand time. He's showing Arlene how he gets those swell kiddies' shots

Arlene's party was complete even to pony rides all around. Little Joan Pine, Virginia Pine's daughter, is all set to start out on her gallop

FACE DOWN

By CHARLES J. KENNY

(Synopsis of Preceding Installment)

A LAWYER and his client faced Brent, a private detective, called in by the lawyer. The lawyer said his client had seen a body, that of a noted doctor, lying face down in an alleyway, that she had thought he was dead, and there was the possibility of a murder, but she did not want to appear in the case, so the detective was to keep her name out of it, because she was too prominent. Her name was given as Miss Smith—but the detective recognized her—Vilma Fenton, a prominent motion picture actress. He took the case only to learn he had been double-crossed by the lawyer—used to draw the police away from “Miss Smith” who had had a rendezvous with the dead man. He went to the home of “Miss Smith” and there he met with another mystery. After confronting the actress, he was asked to wait. The butler showed him to a room, went out and was attacked in the hallway. His body was lying face down.

CHAPTER V

BRENT ran down the corridor, paused for a moment to bend over the body of the unconscious butler. He found no sign of a knife wound and could see no blood.

From the lower corridor came startled exclamations, the sound of shuffling feet. Near the end of the upper hallway, fragments of plate glass from a broken window lay on the floor. The jagged edges caught and reflected the light. Wind, pouring through the opening, sent a spray of rain drizzling onto the thick carpet.

Brent took two swift steps to reach the top of the stairs. Looking down the wide spiral, he encountered the startled eyes of Vilma Fenton. Back of her, at the foot of the staircase, the guests were gathered into a compact group, white and startled.

“What happened?” she asked.

Brent laughed lightly and said, “I’m afraid I’m a hoodoo, Vilma. One of the windows blew open and smashed. The butler’s making an emergency repair. I’ll see if I can help him.”

She was facing Dick, her back to the curious guests. From where she stood she could see the outstretched arm of the unconscious butler. Dick could see her struggling to gain control of herself. Against the whiteness of her face, the make-up on her cheeks showed as twin splotches of color. Her lips were a bright cherry red, and for a moment Dick saw the corners

quiver like the lips of a child about to burst into tears. Then her laugh rang out—a quick, carefree laugh. She even managed a lazy drawl in her voice as she said, “Well, having got this far up the steps, I’d better talk with you *now*.”

She took a deep breath, hesitated for a moment before turning to face the ordeal of the curious eyes below.

Watching her, Dick saw the smile form on her lips, saw her slowly turn, heard her voice saying casually, “Just a loose window, folks. The butler’s fixing it. Would you mind excusing me for a few moments now, while I talk with Dick?”

The man who stood closest to her was a famous director, one who had directed Vilma Fenton in “Indeed I Do.” His eyes showed puzzled surprise as they searched the actress’s face, then he turned and his outstretched arms herded the others back toward the drawing room.

“False alarm, folks,” his voice boomed, jovial with tolerant



"Steady," Brent cautioned. "I didn't do it. I was right where you left me in the jade room. I heard the blow, heard you fall to the floor, and then heard a window crash"

By an effort he raised the man's torso. "If you'll just keep his feet from dragging on the floor," he grunted, "I think I can manage."

They carried the unconscious man into the room. It was a bedroom and Dick Brent heaved the body to the bed. As his exploring fingers felt gently about the back of the butler's head, the man opened his eyes, stared unseeingly for a moment, then rolled them toward Vilma Fenton.

"Are you all right, Arthur?" she asked, dropping to her knees by the side of the bed.

"I . . . will be . . . in a minute . . . ma'am."

His eyes focused on Dick Brent. With an exclamation, he struggled to raise himself to a sitting position. Dick put a hand on the man's shoulder, said, "Take it easy."

"What happened, Arthur? Who did it?"

The butler kept his eyes on Dick Brent.

"This man did it," he said. "He sneaked up behind me. I heard him coming. I was turning when a club knocked shooting stars into my head."

"Steady," Brent cautioned. "I didn't do it. I was right where you left me in the jade room. I heard the blow, heard you fall to the floor, and then heard a window crash."

Color returned to the butler's face. Once more he struggled upward, and this time achieved a sitting position.

"Begging your pardon," he said, "if I might presume to say so, sir, I think you're a damn liar. There couldn't have been anyone else behind me."

Brent's eyes glinted for a moment, then he laughed.

Vilma Fenton stared uncertainly from one to the other.

Brent said easily, "You want to keep this quiet, don't you, Miss Fenton?"

"Yes, I *must* keep it quiet. I can't explain

You understand *some* of the reasons but not *all* of them."

"The man who did it," Dick pointed out, "couldn't have been hidden in the corridor. He must have been in one of the rooms. He sneaked out into the corridor just as the butler went by. Either he didn't know anyone was in the corridor or he had some reason for wanting to attack your man. Personally, I'm inclined to think it just a coincidence that he stepped into the corridor just when he did. Your man started to turn back and this fellow floored him, probably with a black-jack. Let's take a look in the room across the corridor and see if we can find anything."

"And the broken window?" she asked.

"May or may not mean anything," he told her. "Seconds are precious. You can't leave your guests without causing comment."

The butler swung his feet to the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

good nature. "I only hope some opportunist didn't stay behind to clean up the canapés. Let's go see."

Vilma Fenton came slowly up the steps to Dick Brent. She was breathing heavily, as one breathes who has been engaged in violent physical exertion.

She stared down at the unconscious form.

"I took it," Dick said in a low voice, "you didn't want your guests to know about this?"

"No," she agreed, "they must *never* know. What happened?"

"I don't know. If I take his shoulders can you carry his feet?"

"I can try. Take him in the room to the right. He isn't . . . isn't . . ."

"I think not," Dick assured her, first feeling for the butler's pulse, then inserting his hands underneath the huge shoulders. "It looks like a blow with a slingshot. He's out for a while."



CALYORK'S GOSSIP

JUST to show you how Joan Blondell and George Barnes took the town by surprise with their definite split-up, the most astounded person in town was none other than Glenda Farrell, who is perhaps Joan's closest pal.

The day before the divorce suit was filed, Glenda was assuring everyone that it was just a temporary quarrel, due to be sweetly forgotten.

ONCE again the Mary Pickford-Buddy Rogers romance rumors are boiling around the marriage point.

Anything is possible, of course, even if it isn't probable. But I might point out in passing that Mary's divorce doesn't become final until some time in January.

Of which, incidentally, Doug Fairbanks and Lady Sylvia Ashley are only too aware.

THEY got a shock over at Columbia the other day anent the filming of Feodor Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" in which Horror Man Peter Lorre will be seen next.

"Is it a gangster story?" came a query via the telephone.

The question was a shock only because the query, so they swear, came from the Hays office!



An historical picture, but a regrettably sad one! Watching Will Rogers' last game of polo. In front, Paula Stone, Will, Jr., and Henry Wilson. Rear, Dorothy Stone, Mrs. Stone, Fred himself



So he buys the girl pop-corn—can it be love? Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald having one grand time at the Riviera Country Club, watching the polo

Clark and Mrs. Gable were among those at director Rouben Mamoulian's cocktail party, as was, naturally, Gertrude Michael, his fiancée

YOU never can tell about these dreamy-eyed fellas—sometimes they mean what they say.

Lew Ayres, who always said he meant to be a director, is one now.

Lew never gave a whoop about acting. Just didn't like it. He rode in on one of the greatest breaks a boy ever had in "All Quiet," but in a few months he was bored. He's been that way ever since, until this miniature film, the 16-millimeter kind, gave him a new toy. Lew directed a couple of midget movies with Ginger and her cousin and Ben Alexander and the usual Ayres gang.

Now he's signed a contract with Republic pictures to have his own canvas backed chair and spieler. He'll still make pictures, if he wants to. Give the guy a hand. There aren't many established stars who have backed behind the camera and made good. But maybe Lew will.

AS MUCH as sartorial perfection is one of Eddie Lowe's gods, a recent gesture of his bespeaks a certain gallantry.

Ann Sothorn, who got her first break opposite Eddie in "Let's Fall In Love" two years ago, was cast opposite him in Columbia's new "Grand Exit."

Because she felt it would sustain the luck she's had since then, Lowe blossomed out in one sequence in one of the suits he wore in her first picture. Rather nice, that.

OF HOLLYWOOD



Mary had just seen "The Gay Deception," and was creeping out when they spied her. Immediately a wall of human flesh, as Bill Fields would say, surrounded her, and she tried to sign her way out. No use. They swamped her until finally a platoon of ushers had to dash in and help what was left of Mary to her car.

The preview problem has become so acute in Hollywood of late that Marlene Dietrich now carries along a rubber stamp with her signature, and Ginger Rogers at the "Top Hat" preview wore a black wig. It worked about ninety-nine per cent. Only one little girl recognized her and she didn't shout her secret.

A STUDIO visitor at Paramount is wondering, perhaps, why her guide suddenly snickered out of a blue sky. She was being shown about the lot.

The guide, wondering which would interest her most, ventured, "Would you rather see 'Rose of the Rancho' or 'Virginia Judge'?"

"I didn't know Arlene Judge had a sister," breathed the tourist, "but I would like to see her."

HE'S the most elusive, apparently the most confirmed bachelor in Hollywood—is Ronald Colman.

Rarely do you see the cagy Mr. Colman out in public with a lady fair. But they do say he only has eyes for Benita Hume at the parties of the close little social circle in which he moves with the Barthelmesses, the Warner Baxters, Bill Powell and others.

BILL FIELDS is on the mend. Yes sir, Hollywood's head funnyman is right back on the very edge of the pink, and planning on activity before long—which means, making some more of those humorous screen classics of his.

Bill has been having trouble with his sacroiliac vertebrae, or something as weird as that. He tossed it out of joint playing tennis and complications put him right on the shelf—so that he couldn't move his back for weeks and weeks.

A very fine Los Angeles bone specialist, Dr. Ellis Jones, got to work on Bill, though, and got results.

You'll be welcoming him back soon. Right now he's still spending all his time at his Orange Grove retreat in San Fernando Valley.

THE old heart went out for that grand sport, Mary Pickford, the other night at one of those post-preview brawls where frenzied autograph hunters gang up on all stars in sight.

The above group, of the Stones and Will Rogers, Jr., speaks a volume. It was the late Will, Sr., who stepped into Fred's show and carried on when Fred was injured in a plane crash



Yep, those two quite exclusive lovers, at the Cafe Lamaze, Jean Harlow and William Powell. And you may note that that black bowl is nearly full of caviar!



Jack LaRue, the lucky guy, was among those at the birthday party honoring Mae West, at the Cafe Lamaze. Not only that, look where Jack landed



Jimmy Cagney, with Mrs. Cagney (above) was there at RKO-Radio's premiere of "Top Hat" to see friend Fred Astaire in the picture



Mrs. Gene Markey (Joan Bennett) and Ann Sothorn show surprise at Gene's laugh paroxysm during their luncheon at Brown Derby



Henry Fonda meets Alice Faye at the Riviera Country Club polo field. Alice is just about the most dated girl in all of Hollywood town!

IF John Barrymore has any idea, by chance, that his lovely and soon-to-be-ex-wife, Dolores Costello, is doing a weeping, deserted wife act he's got another think coming. Dolores (smart girl) is finding out what a lot of fun she's been missing of late and she's making up for lost time with a vengeance.

She was lunching in Levy's the other day, fetchingly garbed in a yellow sports costume that emphasized her blonde beauty. And WAS she the cynosure of all masculine eyes in the place!

To say nothing of the feminine.

FOR five years or more Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard have been "business neighbors," so to speak.

That is, they've had their dressing rooms right next to each other on vanity row at Paramount.

And you'd die in hysterics if you knew about their "telephone"—the clever but quite, quite hilarious method of communication they've worked out between the walls.

FOR two people who agreed to be "just friends, lovers no more," Adrienne Ames and her ex-hubby, Bruce Cabot, are cutting capers that have the village guessing.

If that was friendship burning in their eyes the other night at the Trocadero where they were a-dining and dancing like old times, I'm an Abyssinian. My money's on a reconciliation, and that in short order.

NO one's going to take lovely Evelyn Venable for a price-kiting ride!

She was doing a little shopping for the expected Mohr heir—or heiress—and came upon a lovely bag in which a tiny watch was cleverly inserted. Evelyn thought it would be nice, on account of the baby, and said she'd take it.

"Shall I charge it?" the sales girl asked. "The price is \$125." Evelyn was so startled, the bag almost slipped from her hand. "Don't charge it," she said. "Just keep it."

EVERYONE in Hollywood has been smiling indulgently at Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette, perennially betrothed to M-G-M talent scout Bob Ritchie, is supposed to be just a friend whom Gene has been rescuing from boredom while Bob's away.

But would you be surprised to learn that Gene thinks more of a whole lot than plenty about Jeanette, and Jeanette's heart flutters just a little more than that for Gene?

THE last scene of "Harmony Lane" faded out and a young man in the audience dabbed the tears from his eyes with his handkerchief.

His name was Gene Raymond, and he had just watched one of the dreams of his career come true for another actor, Douglass Montgomery.

Gene thought for a long time that he owned the rights to the life of Stephen Foster, upon which "Harmony Lane" was built. He intended to play it himself. It was his big ambition.

Then, when the picture started, he found



The "boys" get together at Jean Hersholt's home: Frank Morgan, left; Edward G. Robinson, center; and genial host Mr. Hersholt



Can Steffi Duna have switched her affections from Francis Lederer to John Carroll? Anyhow, here's John and Steffi at the Ambassador



Maybe it's a game: "You sign my autograph book, and I'll sign yours," between Merle Oberon and David Nevins at the noted Grove

that no one could claim an option on the story of a man's life.

Thus his tears were a rather fine tribute to a rival who had taken his dream away and made it come true.

JUST why, I wouldn't be knowing, but Raquel Torres says the knees are the ideal place for perfume.

She discovered it by accident, it seems, when she upset a bottle one day and the perfume landed on the Torres knees. That's where she's put it ever since.

THAT was a grand gag Chester Morris and the bunch pulled on Bob and Betty Montgomery when they landed from their vacation chasing around Europe.

Bob brought back with him a verra verra swank car of foreign make. With it he expected to cut quite a swath among his cronies.

Lo and behold, when the Montgomerys marched down the gangplank, there stood Morris and the bunch to welcome them home.

By the "beg, borrow or steal" method, each was driving a car of the foreign make!

It was generally believed a point was made.

ALL eyes focus on tiny, elfin Luise Rainer out at M-G-M these days. Other stars, executives, writers—everyone pauses to stare at her when she flits by. Few of them know her.

And this little sensation of the lot draws down only \$400 a week, while eighty per cent of those who look at her in envy cash in many times that—even though they are, cinematically speaking, has-beens. But that's always the way it is in this strange place in incongruities. Luise was signed up in Europe, where \$400 is a lot of money. She'll be making more though when the contract tearing takes place. Watch and see.

BILL POWELL may be re-wooing his beautiful ex, Carole Lombard, by the time you read this. But only for the fillums. Universal is considering co-starring the pair though—or

maybe because—they've been divorced nigh onto two years now.

And Missy Harlow, 'tis said, isn't in the cheering ranks.

MARRIAGE has taught Joel McCrea one thing about women, 'twould seem. Joel was discoursing on the benefits of ranching. Cattle raising, he said, was the least complex thing he had found.

"Take women, for instance," Joel went on. "You never know which way a woman is going to jump—but you can always tell by just looking at a heifer!"

NOT just by wishing does Katie Hepburn get that glorious mass of spun copper that is her hair! H'ist! She shampoos it each and every morning in egg. And while you and you and you are fiddlin' around with nothing much, she gets out the old-fashioned hairbrush and goes to work.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

A PRESENT FOR MOTHER

Your heart is going right out to three Irish lads who adopted and starred a little, unknown Scotch lady!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Each issue PHOTOPLAY brings you the story of the most interesting new personality of the month. In October we gave you the story of Luise Rainer. This month we bring you a story of a little old Scotch woman who is playing her first important rôle. For personalities, watch this page.

OUT in the spotlighted glare of the set a little old lady was crying. She was crying because her two sons had fought and one was leaving home.

Her tears were real tears that came from far down in her large heart. And as she sobbed while the cameras softly whirled, a very strange thing happened.

A hardboiled motion picture director named Lloyd Bacon, calloused by a decade of synthetic movie emotions, lost his intent gaze in a blur of tears. A red headed, ready-fisted Irish boy named Jimmy Cagney, unable to go on with the scene, turned quickly and strode behind a scenic flat to curse himself for the emotion which welled to his eyes and streamed down his nose.

Another mick called Pat O'Brien wept unashamed and a third Irisher known as Frank McHugh, accustomed to chuckling at everything in life, bawled helplessly into his handkerchief.

A whole company of hard-bitten movie workers — juicers, gaffers, props and grips—snuffled and blew and streaked labor soiled hands over flowing cheeks. Only silence followed Lloyd Bacon's choking "Cut." Then someone who could speak said, as if in apology for his tears:

"She might be me own mother."

Out of Hollywood have come stories that were sad, stories that were gay, exciting, tragic, lusty and fantastic. But never



Mary Gordon, "mother" to Frank McHugh, Jimmy Cagney, and Pat O'Brien in "The Irish In Us." Olivia de Havilland, the girl

from this wonderful town has come a story more heart warming and human and fine than the story of Mary Gordon, the little old lady who cried that day on that set.

Nor ever has there been a finer gesture than that of those three Irish boys, Jim Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh, who fell in love with the little, round,

sandy-white haired Scotch lady who is the heroine of this story, adopted her and laid in her lap, as a Mother's Day gift, a moving picture, an impossible dream, a career.

You've probably never heard of Mary Gordon. Neither had Lloyd Bacon, nor Jim nor Pat nor Frank before she walked with her odd little toddle onto the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

PHOTOPLAY'S MEMORY ALBUM

edited by
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Hollywood was still an almost unknown name in cinema circles as late as 1913. PHOTOPLAY writers still referred to the Western film capital as Los Angeles. But there was no doubt in any wise person's mind that the geographical spot, which the world now knows as Hollywood, was to be the world's motion picture center.

It was in November of that year, 1913, that an obscure forty-dollar-a-week English music hall performer, who had been playing the drunk in Karno's "A Night in a London Club" at the Empress Theater in Los Angeles, took his battered derby hat, his baggy trousers, his impossible cane, his unbelievable shoes and his ridiculous moustache out to Mack Sennett's then famous Keystone studio.



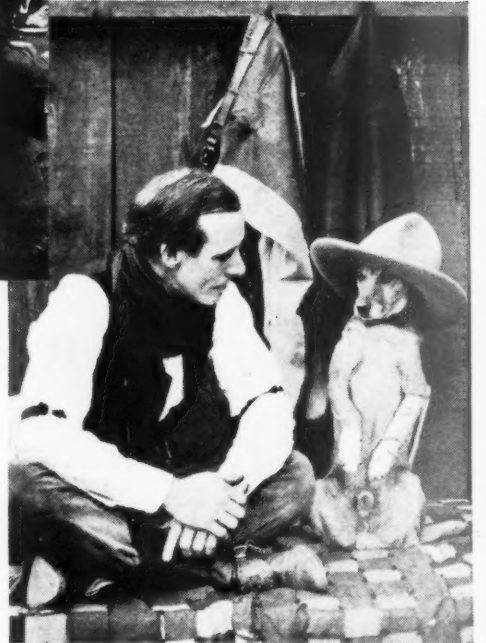
Chaplin, who appeared anonymously—as did Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle and the other Keystone favorites—achieved instant popularity. His amazing silhouette in a poster outside a theater was all that was needed to fill empty seats. Within four months he was appearing with Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance." At the expiration of his year's contract with Sennett, he received and accepted an offer from Essanay of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week. In February, 1916, while still a youth of twenty-six, he signed with Mutual for ten thousand a week plus one hundred and fifty thousand bonus.



4. Charlie's first work with Keystone was opposite Mabel Normand, but they did not team very well.



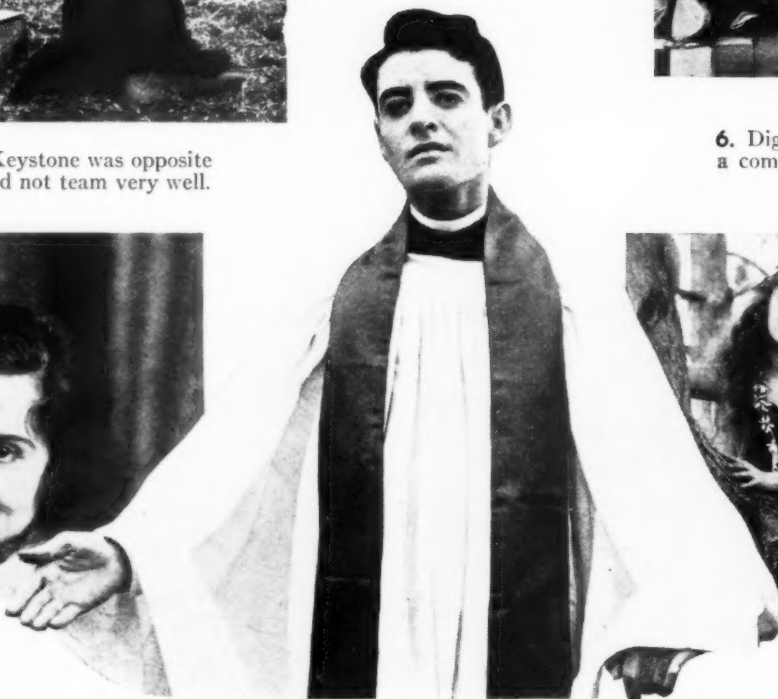
5. While with Essanay Chaplin met his ideal foil—blonde, placid, beautiful Edna Purviance. Charlie Chaplin made her famous.



6. Dignified Lewis Stone, although not a comedian, had his relaxed moments.



8. Present-day Hollywood hails Frank Morgan as a recent "discovery," but he acted in Sam Goldwyn's "Baby Mine," opposite Madge Kennedy in 1917.



7. Jack Gilbert had not as yet become the great lover.



9. Edward Arnold, another recent Hollywood "discovery," was playing handsome young juveniles for Essanay in 1916. (The girl is Edna Mayo, of "The Strange Case of Mary Page.")



10. And Zasu Pitts was with Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess."



11. Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, two little Vitagraph girls had been "getting along." The blonde's name was Constance, and the brunette's name was Norma.



12. Madge Evans was the reigning child actress of the late 'teens. Madge was supported in "The Volunteer" (1917) by a "new" Hollywood actor, Henry Hull.



13. More prominent even than the Talmadges in 1916 was that other Vitagraph beauty, Anita Stewart.



14. Little Virginia Lee Corbin was another child actress of whom much was expected cinematographically. Marriage cut short her career.



15. Lionel wore loud suits in 1916.



16. —and John wore a moustache.

17. "A Rogue's Romance" was the earliest known appearance in pictures of "M. Rodolpho de Valentina." Do you know him?





18. Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter.



19. Fannie Ward and Lew Cody.



20. Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar.



21. Viola Dana.



22. Tom Mix and Colleen Moore.



23. Wallace Reid and Pauline Bush.



24. Constance Talmadge and Earle Fox.



25. Geraldine Farrar.



26. Eugene Pallette and Vivian Martin.



27. Fatty and Mabel.



28. Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood.



29. Frank Keenan and Jack Gilbert.



30. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien.



31. Theodore Roberts and Louise Huff.



32. Will Rogers and Peggy Wood.



33. Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson.



34. Mae Murray and Tom Moore.



35. Alice Brady and Arthur Ashley.



36. Wallace Reid.



37. Norma Talmadge and Bobby Harron.



38. Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson.



39. Madge Kennedy and Tammany Young.



40. Raymond Hatton and Leatrice Joy.



41. Florence La Badie and Harry Benham.



42. Jack Holt and Sessue Hayakawa.



43. Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels.



44. Louise Fazenda.



45. Conway Tearle and Clara Kimball Young.



46. The first great Hollywood romance was that of Blanche Sweet and Mickey Neilan.

47. Fatty.



48. In 1918, M. Rodolphe de Valentina appeared with Carmel Myers in "All Night."



49. Norma Talmadge was spending her good-bye weeks on her Long Island.



50. Mary Miles Minter, the new star, appeared with Theodore Roberts in "Judy of Rogue's Harbor," directed by the late William D. Taylor.



51. Marie Doro, fresh from Broadway, played an unforgettable *Oliver Twist*.



52. A mighty man named Lewis J. Selznick, operating as the World Film Company, made a gallant attempt to restore the balance of power to the East by assembling a notable company of stars and directors. Some of Selznick's captures (standing), Albert Capellini, Frank Crane, Emil Chautard, Holbrook Blinn, Maurice Tourneru, Alice Brady, James Young, Clara Kimball Young, (seated) Dorothy Fairchild, Wilton Lackaye, Elaine Hammerstein.

Next month, we witness a decided reaction toward the simple life and the great outdoors—it was the period of Marguerite Clark and Charlie Ray and Harold Lloyd and Bill Hart—but, as a last fling at evil, we have the vampire.



53. Virginia Pearson's methods were direct and very efficient.



54. Valeska Suratt inclined to the bizarre.



55. Nazimova went to the Bible for hers.



57. But there was only one Theda Bara.



56. Annette Kellerman rose from the sea.



58. Madame Farrar (left) did a little discreet vamping on her own. So did Madame Petrova (right) although she denied it. And (above) Madame Glaum!



QUICK CHANGE ARTISTS



On the screen, the seductively soulful, yet dangerous Carole Lombard, and the carelessly indifferent, superior Fred MacMurray, in Paramount's "Hands Across the Table." But off the screen, just like a couple of kids on a holiday from school!



Orry-Kelly, designer, is posed with Dolores Del Rio, who is wearing one of his favorite creations with a Grecian influence

ADVANCE MID-SEASON

Fashion FORECAST

CLOTHES should be well-bred, expressing the charming qualities of the lady who wears them.

This is my alpha and omega of dress for Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall.

Good breeding is evident in every line of the draped silhouette, which I believe will command favor during the

By ORRY-KELLY

Designer for Warner Brothers

coming season. Draped effects, emphasizing the flowing line from neck to hem, may be cleverly revealing or generously concealing. But the line is slim, sleek and demands a good

foundation. The draped silhouette, when correctly molded to each woman's figure, is

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Romance

IN FABRIC
AND LINE



Under a magnificent evening wrap of chiffon with luxurious white fox trim, Dolores Del Rio wears an evening gown distinguished for its simplicity of line and daring décolletage. Jewels show the Renaissance influence. Above is Miss Del Rio in romantic mood. The loose, square panels of the molded skirt may be worn as a cape over the shoulders

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Enormous pastel colored flowers bloom on a background of black in the Grecian draped gown with long, flowing back panels, worn by Miss Del Rio. Of sheer, transparent soufflé is the waist with huge sleeves revealed by the halter of the bodice

A youthful little jacket suit of black pebbly crêpe is a certain winner for the first cool days and for later wear under a fur coat. Olivia de Havilland gives you just a glimpse of the stunning quilted silver—cloth vest which matches her lapel flower



— Seymour



Black velvet and subtle line. For informal dining, there is nothing that can take the place of a black velvet, long-sleeved, softly molded dinner dress, according to Anita Louise. The designs for the models on both pages are by Orry-Kelly, Warner Bros.



Constance Bennett selects the most feminine of negligées for her personal wardrobe. The one above is of sapphire blue satin with clouds of chiffon forming the coat. At the right, a flowing topcoat of natural lace may be worn open or buttoned over the bon-bon pink satin of the gown

Five
O'CLOCK



K FASHIONS



Princess Natalie Paley, who makes her motion picture debut in "Sylvia Scarlett" is exquisite in the Renaissance gown designed by Walter Plunkett. Wide dolman sleeves are trimmed with bands of Russian sable

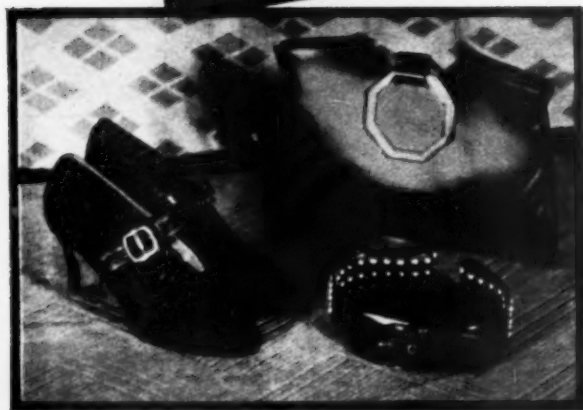


Cut to accentuate the slim line, the gown of brown pile velvet on a ruby background is belted high, the high neckline bodice slashed to the waist in back. The sable scarf removed, reveals Princess Paley's Renaissance plaque



Petit-point has become a fashion in accessories, even to initials on your bag. Cigarette case, vanities. Jolle's design

Town AND Country KNITS



Ethel Merman who appears in "Shoot the Chutes" for United Artists, selects a Sunday night bouclé knit. English saddlery jewelry and leather fob vanity

A new alliance in fashion is found in belt, bag and shoes. Two leathers are better than one. Of calf and suède, nail-heads trim belt



June Knight's swagger knit checks on every count. In brown and white, the three-quarter length coat is closed at the fitted neckline with braided frogs and leather buttons



Off on a shopping jaunt, Miss Knight, M-G-M featured player, selects a three-piece boxy model in shades of purple, a vivid note in the Autumn scene

Pottery blue is new and flattering for the blonde loveliness of Betty Grable, appearing in "Love Song." She zips into her swank knit, with military beret



There's a flare even in knits this season and June Knight swings down the street in a beige model, heavily ribbed for warmth. That's a brown swagger coat over her arm. Beige felt



Gold and silver stars dot antelope suede belts. Multi-colored jewels trim others. Matching gloves, bag, belt and shoes may form a color contrast to the costume worn

EVELYN VENABLE ADAPTS FASHION FOR THE MOTHER-TO-BE



A woolen mixture, the two-piece suit, built on full swagger lines, swings free from the shoulders which carry the weight. A satin basque, shirred vertically, adds short peplum

Evelyn Venable selects a charming satin gown with front fullness falling in softly sculptured folds. The long lines of the bodice subtly slenderize. A velvet cape may be worn

Simple lines, tailored to perfection, are the keynote of this costume for the early months. A cape back swings from the shoulder yoke. Of moss green, brown accessories



PERSIAN LAMB IS YOUNG



The Cossacks are coming is now a joyful cry when Joan Marsh appears in a Schiaparelli coat of Persian lamb, flared, longer in back, high shoulders. Matching Cossack hat

A sleeve pocket, the newest Hollywood vogue. Claire Trevor, in white silk-and-wool mixture with navy, a Rega design for 20th Century-Fox. Smart gloves to match the hat



Tailored for smartness is the imported woolen with Persian lamb by Lyolene. Joan's mirror from a bag with a new covered zipper reflects her smart velvet ascot to match her toque





Ernest A. Bachrach

Katharine Hepburn is seeing to it that her latest rôle, *Sylvia Scarlett*, in RKO-Radio's picture of that name, is authentic. Masquerading as a young man, Katharine refused to wear a wig, and had her hair sheared down to man's size



Hurrell

Rochelle Hudson and Henry Fonda in 20th Century-Fox's version of the classic of classics, "Way Down East." Rochelle, as the late beloved Will Rogers called Miss Hudson, has the part played by Lillian Gish in "silent" days



JEANETTE MacDonald is an enthusiast for tennis. She insists on at least a couple of sets a day, and takes three lessons a week in the game. And is she getting on at the studio! She's to do "San Francisco," with Clark Gable, no less, as her leading man. Then "Rose Marie," opposite Nelson Eddy!

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Mitzi Cummings tells Mme. Nikitina to use her fingers as Brian Aherne slyly watches

Spinning Around With Mitzi

YOO-OOO, JOAN!

Hey, have you ever ridden on a motorcycle? At one in the ante meridian? Through the hills of Bel-Air? Well, I did! And if thou wouldst do likewise, then toot your little whistle for Margaret Sullavan!

I was avisitin' at the stunning Mexican farmhouse where she and director-husband Willie Wyler live. Willie, it seems, from earliest childhood had craved to own a motorcycle. When he got so he could afford a motorcycle—he was afraid it might injure his dignity.

Came his natal day recently, which was suddenly pierced by beautifully familiar exhaust sounds. Willie rushed outside, and there stood a lovely new machine. A present from little wife. My, such goings-on! Willie hopped on, Margaret hopped on behind, and away they tore, through hill and dale, yelling and shrieking with joy, and awakening all their famous neighbors.

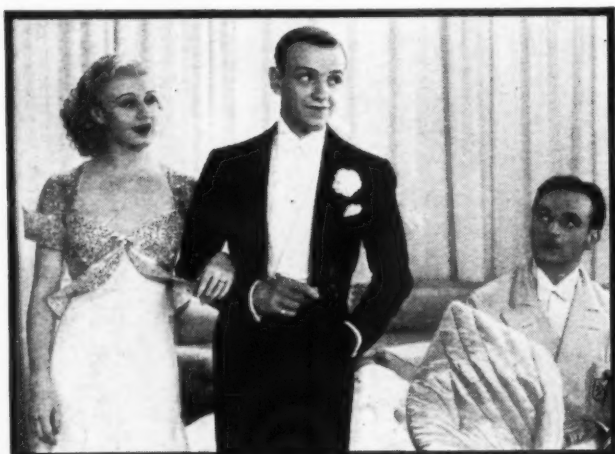
Mitzi Cummings achieves a new height in her exciting Hollywood life—Here's her late gossip

my knees caved in, and I grovelled on the grass. And the fiends laughed like mad!

But that was nothing! 'Cause after witnessing a glorious ballet at the Hollywood bowl the next night, with the moon and the stars and hushed, enthralled thousands and a lilting breeze for accompaniment, I was atrottin' down the hill to the exit with my head still in the drifting clouds when I heard a familiar voice. I looked around. It was Walt Disney.

"Why don't you have Mickey Mouse do a ballet?" I pleaded. "Too sissy."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



☆ TOP HAT—RKO-Radio

IN a sparkling and entertaining film, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers furnish an evening's entertainment that you really cannot afford to overlook. The musical numbers are enchanting—the dance routines clever and original.

Astaire coming to London to appear in a stage production, practices his dancing in the apartment above the one occupied by Ginger Rogers. She is annoyed and goes upstairs to tell him so, but it serves as an opportunity for him to fall in love with her. Ginger receives the mistaken impression that he is the husband of her dearest friend, Helen Broderick. Fleeing London and the amorous advances of Fred, Ginger joins Helen at the Lido and discloses the situation. After a time all the complications are satisfactorily straightened out.

Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore for chuckles.



☆ THE GAY DECEPTION—20th Century-Fox

LIGHT, whimsical, preposterous—a chef's salad of Cinderella and Prince Charming fare—nevertheless it's gay, as advertised, and there's no deception in the entertainment value.

If you're one of those who heretofore haven't cared for Francis Lederer don't let that stall you, because Lederer fits his part like a chorus girl's tights—and high time too. He's one of those Graustark princes working his way incognito as a bell-boy in a super-super Manhattan hotel, when Frances Dee, a stenographer on a five thousand dollar sweepstakes ticket spree, becomes his reluctant ward.

In a welter of misunderstandings and impertinently charming situations involving society snobs, ambassadors, cops and bellhops, they battle their way to romance.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ ALICE ADAMS—RKO-Radio

A SUPERBLY acted, perfectly directed, exquisitely written screen masterpiece.

These are large words, but we write them in all sincerity about "Alice Adams." The original credit must go to Booth Tarkington for his creation of the very soul of the small town girl who lacks money, family background but most importantly that elusive commodity known as sex appeal.

Starting with this story, which could so easily have been made into a dull program picture, by one of those happy blendings of fine scenario, acting, direction and production, "Alice Adams" has been made into the best production so far this year, and we doubt that any subsequent release will surpass it. It is honest, realistic and heart stirring, and at the same time has comedy sequences that will devastate you with laughter.

Katharine Hepburn gives her finest performance—yes, even finer than in "Little Women" or "Morning Glory." Frank Albertson will surprise you with his newly discovered talent for characterization. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker, and Hattie McDaniels, in a perfect bit as a colored maid, are all excellent.

To quite-new director George Stevens special honors for his subtle direction.

This is a picture for every type of movie goer. To miss it is to miss greatness.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

ALICE ADAMS
THE DARK ANGEL
TOP HAT

THE GAY DECEPTION
SHE MARRIED HER BOSS
"HERE'S TO ROMANCE"

HARMONY LANE

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams"
Fred Stone in "Alice Adams"
Fredric March in "The Dark Angel"
Merle Oberon in "The Dark Angel"
Herbert Marshall in "The Dark Angel"
Fred Walton in "Forbidden Heaven"
Douglass Montgomery in "Harmony Lane"
Sir Guy Standing in "Annapolis Farewell"
Ginger Rogers in "Top Hat"
Fred Astaire in "Top Hat"
Eric Blore in "Top Hat"
Frances Dee in "The Gay Deception"
Francis Lederer in "The Gay Deception"
Nino Martini in "Here's to Romance"
Mme. Schumann-Heink in "Here's to Romance"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ THE DARK ANGEL—United Artists

SELDOM does the screen yield, in one production, such beauty and power as is found here. It is motion picture art at its finest.

Credit for the finished whole must be split four ways: to Samuel Goldwyn for the magnificent production; to Sidney Franklin for telling direction; to Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall for performances beyond criticism; and to Gregg Toland for photography of rare beauty.

March has never given a finer performance than as *Alan Trent*, blinded lover of *Kitty Vane*. His work, particularly in the last half, is nothing short of superb.

The exotic Oberon of former films is gone and in her place is a new and vibrant personality and a natural, effortless actress who, by this one performance alone, merits a secure place on the roster of the movies' great. Her *Kitty* will enthrall you.

By the instinctive rightness of his every gesture and word, Marshall raises an otherwise lesser rôle to one of prime importance. He isn't portraying the unloved *Gerald*; he is *Gerald*.

Perfect casting dominates throughout to the most minor character. Fine work is contributed especially by John Halliday as *Sir George*, Janet Beecher as *Mrs. Shannon*, Claude Allister as *Lawrence*, and Fay Chaldecott, as *Betty*.



★ SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—Columbia

UNLESS you are capable of handling a problem child with the same skillful tact and forcefulness that Claudette Colbert does, you'd do well to keep the youngsters at home when you see this. But don't let anything prevent you from enjoying one of her most amusing pictures since "It Happened One Night." Although the story is slight and inconsequential, you'll forget it while admiring the splendid acting of Miss Colbert as *Julia Scott*, the perfect secretary, who has her difficulties living up to the standards of the perfect wife as they are set by her boss-husband *Richard*. Jean Dixon is highly entertaining as the conniving friend who successfully maneuvers Claudette's marriage. But the acting honors go to little Edith Fellows who plays the part of *Annabelle* so realistically, you want to wring her neck.



★ HERE'S TO ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox

"**H**ERE'S to Romance" is important for several reasons. It introduces Nino Martini, recently of the opera and radio, as an important new star, gives you a first movie glimpse of Madame Schumann-Heink, and presents you with a vivid hour's entertainment.

The story is a gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight. Rich Genevieve Tobin, to discourage hubby Reginald Denny's practice of acquiring attractive proteges, becomes the patroness of the handsome Nino Martini, a fine tenor with sex appeal. Nino falls in love with Anita Louise, a dancer, and finds himself in difficulties when Genevieve demands attention. Denny falls for Anita. But love works out all the complications. See it for fun and listen, for the thrill of it, to Martini. His voice is glorious.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

★
HARMONY
LANE—
Mascot



AS tender and moving and beautiful as the beloved American melodies it introduces so deftly is this screen story of Stephen Foster's bittersweet life. Douglass Montgomery as *Foster* handles with feeling the most sincere rôle of his career, seconded by William Frawley and Joseph Cawthorn. Evelyn Venable and Adrienne Ames.



FORBIDDEN
HEAVEN—
Republic

A SIMPLE story is this one which tells of the banding together of four human derelicts on the night of a heavy London fog. By his unquenchable enthusiasm for life, *Nibs* (Charles Farrell) brings happiness to an old lady (Beryl Mercer) and an old man (Fred Walton), and love to an embittered girl (Charlotte Henry). Slow start, powerful end.

HERE COMES
COOKIE—
Paramount



THEY say crazy people are the happiest. Well—here's your chance to lose your mind with Gracie Allen. When papa George Barbier deeds her his millions to foil a fortune hunter, Gracie plays hostess to a hungry horde of homeless vaudeville hams. You can imagine—no—you'll have to see it to believe it. George Burns is the long suffering straight man.



SPECIAL
AGENT
Cosmopolitan—
Warners

A FAST moving, entertaining film about Federal men war ring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. Bette Davis is secretary and bookkeeper for Ricardo Cortez, big-shot gambler and vice lord. She falls for special agent George Brent, using a newspaper reporting job as his front, and puts the cause of justice and true love out ahead.

THIS IS THE
LIFE—
20th Century-Fox



FANS of little Jane Withers will cheer this one, for little Jane carries nine-tenths of the picture. The story concerns a talented orphan who becomes a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, runs away with a young man falsely accused of theft, and finally find happiness on a farm.



HOT-TIP—
RKO-Radio

THOSE lovable zanies, Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, are at it again in this well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Jimmy snitches his daughter's trousseau money to back a nag which loses and the law descends when he sells the mortgaged restaurant to recoup. Full of Gleason wisecracks, the picture tickles the funny bone.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

MORALS OF MARCUS—GB



LUPE VELEZ' fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new. But Lupe, as a stowaway, manages to inject a great deal of humor and much of her infectious vitality into situations that are not entirely unfamiliar. Ian Hunter, a confirmed bachelor, is the foil for her irresistible and inescapable lure.



CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI— 20th Century-Fox

MURDER at a dinner table in Shanghai gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity to teach his son detecting. Warner Oland as *Chan* and Keye Luke as his son make a marvelous team, and the added comedy in this latest adventure should satisfy their fans. Lots of action and suspense combined with quaint savings from *Charlie* will send you away happy.

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS —Republic



GENE AUTRY deserts the ether waves to bring his cowboy ditties to the screen. The screen gains a personable new Western star as a result. The story, dealing with a falsely accused chap's efforts to avenge the murder of his father, becomes pretty complicated. But Autry's charm even things up. Lovers of range ballads will cheer this one.



TWO FOR TONIGHT— Paramount

NUT-HUMOR audiences may enjoy Bing Crosby clowning and singing his way, though it might disappoint his romance-in-moonlight fans. Slapstick comedy results when Bing, trying to "live" his new play, uses Thelma Todd instead of his sweetheart, Joan Bennett, as his foil. Joan, mostly, just watches Bing sing. Hit tune: "To the Tip of Your Toes." Fair

BONNIE SCOTLAND— Roach-MGM



IF the director had chucked out the plot of this one and had let those dazies, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, romp through their glorious nonsense and slapstick, free of the tedious story of young love's difficult path, it would have been twice as good as it is. Still, it's grand fun when the team is in focus but dull as dishwater when it's not.



ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL— Paramount

A WEAK but sentimental story about the time-honored traditions of Annapolis. Sir Guy Standing as the retired naval commander, who is mentally living in a past era, tries to instill the meaning of the traditions into Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell and succeeds at the cost of his own life.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



Gene Raymond thinks his answer to what matters most is outlawed in Hollywood. He's seen with Irene Dunne at a polo game



Dolores Del Rio has an exciting brief to offer in her expounding of her philosophy. And it is as vital as her vivid personality

WHAT MATTERS

LAST week, while I watched fascinated, four Hollywood stars in four successive interviews sat opposite me and for a time examined themselves brutally, searchingly, so that I might have an answer to my question.

I wanted to know: what matters most in life? What is the first important thing in your scale of values?

And I got four different answers.

"HAPPINESS!" said Pat O'Brien, very positively. He grinned at me through the screen of smoke which wriggled thinly up from his cigar. "By all means, happiness. For me, I mean. I've got to have it wherever I am, or whatever I'm doing—other things just don't matter."

"Mister Pollyanna," I laughed. "You're lucky. Not everyone is capable of being happy all the time."

"Oh, but I have an inviolable formula! Two things—and they're very simple. In the first place, I don't worry. I suppose I'm a fatalist about that—but what will happen is just going to happen anyway, no matter how much you stew and thrash around. I wait until it comes and struggle with it then; there's no use being miserable for days in advance.

"And in the second place, I'm dependent for my happiness on just two things—my family and my friends. I've got them both."

I said: "You're contented because you've got a grand position in life, you've got a lovely wife and baby, you've got money and everything on earth. For heaven's sake, why *wouldn't* you be happy?"

He directed a special smile toward the precarious ash on his cigar. "I knew you'd say that," he told me. "I don't blame



Glenda Farrell is very incisive about life and what makes it tick, as far as she is concerned. Son Tom has a big part in it

That home-body, genial Pat O'Brien says his formula on life is inviolable—can't be beat or go wrong—and he stands by it!



S MOST IN LIFE?

Four stars were asked that all-important, soul-searching question—each star had an entirely different answer

By Howard Sharpe

you in the least. But you see that's wrong because I've always had my happiness—*always*—and until a few years ago I was one of the poorest men in America! I could laugh in a shanty."

He spoke slowly, remembering: "There were those first days

in New York, before we were married—I had a little room, and she had a basement apartment a few blocks away. We'd pool our money for food, and Eloise would cook it, and then I'd go down there for dinner. We lived pretty much on tuna fish and rice. Sometimes we had baked beans. And we were happy.

"But once in a while we'd scrape together enough dimes and nickels to make a dollar; and we'd go to Coney. It's a marvelous trip over—half subway and then the 'L,' riding on the roof of a city. There'd be fifty cents left, after we'd paid the fare; and we could never quite decide what to do with that half dollar. Whether to go on the concessions, or take in a movie and then walk along the shore. . . .

"There was one day when we stood on the boardwalk eating popcorn—we always had popcorn, regardless of what else we spent—and a couple of those [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



CASTING Director James Ryan of Fox studios poked his lip with a pencil and dished out a dubious stare.

He was interviewing a completely unknown kid for the eminent spot of the heavy in an all-important Shirley Temple picture. He turned to her mother.

"But do you think she can be mean enough?" he wondered.

"Can I be mean?" interposed our heroine, in a husky Georgia-cracker voice. Her lower lip rolled out. "Can I be mean? Sah-ay, just give me a chance!"

A few days later, Director David Butler tugged at a harried ear lobe. He had an idea for a swell scene where his little brat voiced her shocking taste in toys with "I want a machine gun!"

"But how," he puzzled, "will we ever get this nice little girl to go like a machine gun?"

"This nice little girl" jerked his sleeve. Her eyebrows shot up under her bangs.

Impish, and very clever, is this youngster who shares child-wonder honors with Shirley Temple at Fox

"You mean like this?" she said. Her elbows folded. A finger stuck stiffly out before a menacing squint. "Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh—" she went, revolving madly about the set, "huh-huh-huh-huh—huh-huh-huh-uh—"

"Take it!" screamed the director, "Migosh—take it! Take it!"

"Murder pictures," explained the nice little girl, smoothing her bangs calmly, "are the kind I like best."

Little nine-year-old, black-haired, bratty Jane Withers today perches impishly but securely upon a high pedestal in Hollywood's hall of distinction for three excellent reasons.

First, because when she rolled her jaw forward in "Bright Eyes," declared boldly, "I want a machine gun," and coughed "huh-huh-huh-huh" in a too, too perfect imitation of *Little Caesar* at his best, she shot the Hollywood cute kid racket as full of holes as last summer's screen porch.

Second, because when she made a wow out of a weak picture with as great a performance as any child actress has ever de-



Recreation hour on the set, and Jane demands a boy's game. She wants a man for an opponent, too

Jane not only looks like her mother, but also inherited from her amazing determination and courage



"Hey, you! Wanna play?" And every kid on the block comes a-running!



SHE HAD TO BE FAMOUS

**A mother's broken dreams
and crushed ambition made
little Jane Withers' suc-
cess in films inevitable**

By ANTHONY McALLISTER

livered, in "Ginger," and launched herself on a big-time career of her own, she fulfilled something that is so seldom fulfilled in this world—a fond mother's life long dream.

And third, because when I was privileged to bask in the rays of her high-voltage personality the other day I realized that right there before me was the McCoy. A morocco bound, deckle-edged edition of what I had supposed had become extinct by now—a real American Tomboy.

Jane Withers is more than something—she's a whole lot. After the preview of "Ginger" (and don't you dare miss it) Jane was being pancaked by ardent admirers ranging from six

to sixty. Said one, a grown man, "There's only one thing wrong with your picture, Jane. It needs a new title. 'Ginger' doesn't do you justice. They ought to call it 'Dynamite.'"

As vital a little toughie as ever yelled, "Hey, Stinky!" and as great a little actress as ever grinned wickedly into a camera lens, "Georgia Jane," with a real hop on the ball, has made all curly-topped, empty-headed, saccharine-sweet posey baby dolls forever ridiculous and insipid on the screen.

Excepting only that exquisite little goddess, Shirley Temple, who could disarm bristling Europe with one dimpled smile, Jane has mowed down the pouty, cutey ranks of mama's darlings and hop-scotched in to take Hollywood like Grant took Richmond.

What a girl!

"She's always sold herself," said her mother proudly. "I've never had to say a thing. Jane talks right up to them. She's not afraid of anybody." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

ARRESTING HEADLINES



Anita Louise, Warner Bros. star, in two moods. Left: An exciting coiffure of the evening, with coils and curls. Above: Same bob, in Florentine simplicity

Anita turns her head to show the puff curls ascending from back of the ear to the crown coils, with soft fringe curls at the nape of her neck

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

If you
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If you have a flair for the more exotic styles, Gail Patrick, in "Gettin' Smart," shows a clever alliance of braids and curls with striking off-the-face contour

The back view of Gail's new coiffure indicates how the braids and soft puff curls may be arranged. For evening, a jeweled snood is ornamental



Helen Vinson, appearing in GB's "Transatlantic Tunnel," shows a mass of curls escaping from under an Ethiopian felt hat. Grey with green scarf. Daché design



Page boy simplicity, with military cap, designed by René Martin, worn by Martha Sleeper, Republic Pictures. Hair is parted on the side, smooth crown, ringlets

GLENDA FARRELL HAS A



Mystery and charm or pure *joie de vivre* can be attained through the subtle use of a rich warm bouquet odeur. Glenda likes a blending of rose and jasmine with an overtone of carnation for fragrant, inspired moments of lasting memory

Perfume, subtle fragrance, adds immeasurably to a woman's charm. Glenda should know. We came upon her as she folded sachets in lacy lingerie

Not every woman can afford to indulge her every mood. Three varieties may be extravagant. The magic of Tahitian nights is in essence of gardenia



CORNER ON PERFUME



In an aura emanating the flower fragrance of water lilies, the delicate blonde type is best expressed. Glenda prefers an atomizer to dispense the essence with which she scents her hair with exquisite delicacy for those formal evenings



Glenda, with atomizer in hand, sprays her apartment with a concentration to freshen and sweeten the air. Would you like to know her preference?



A new gadget to keep an evening frock in "action" is a golden ball, filled with a favorite perfume, to hang in the wardrobe. So why don't you try it?

(Other Beauty Tips on Page 80)



In a minute, Adrienne can take time out to talk about making "jell." But now it takes concentration for it is rolling into a boil. Ah, and there it is!

THERE won't be any yawning spaces in Adrienne's jam cupboard when winter comes, for she looks after that important item, personally. She makes her own jelly for her morning toast and, what's more, her jelly really jells. Here is one of the secrets. She never makes it in large quantities. Just a little at a time, which is much easier on the cook's temper, and incidentally, on the family. And just think, if you make grape jelly, which is her favorite, five pounds will make eleven glasses of jelly. And the whole operation, from start to finish, takes only TWENTY MINUTES. That's speed, 1935.

Here are some of Adrienne's favorite recipes:

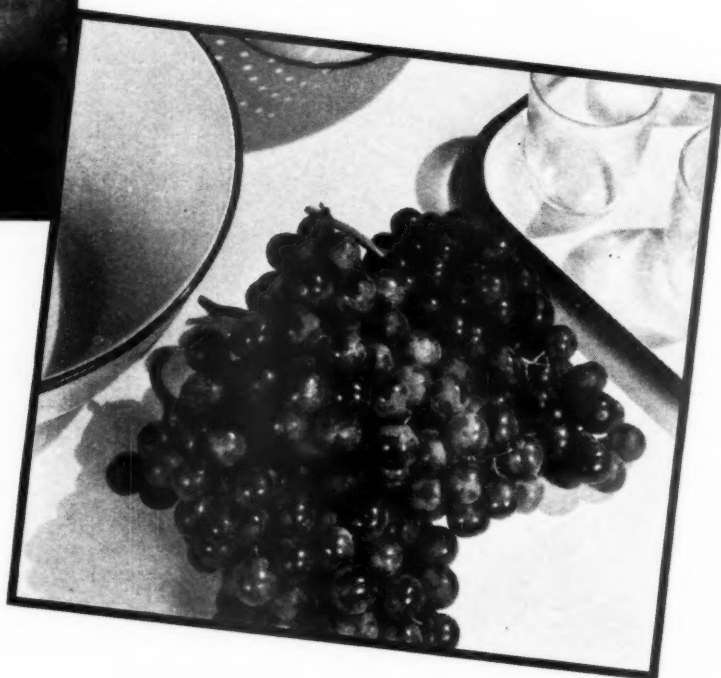
To prepare fruit, stem about five pounds fully ripe grapes and crush thoroughly. Add one-half cup water, bring to boil, cover and simmer five minutes. Separate juice from pulp by placing hot fruit in two-quart sieve. Run enough juice through a double layer of cheesecloth held in a small sieve, to obtain four cups of strained juice. For grape butter: Rub grapes from which juice is drained through sieve.

CONCORD GRAPE JELLY: Four cups juice; seven and one-half cups of sugar; one-half bottle fruit pectin.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

Adrienne Ames Fills Her Jam Cupboard

Adrienne says that making jelly is easy if you follow her recipes and make a little at a time



CONCORD GRAPE BUTTER: Four and one-half cups pulp; seven cups sugar; one-half bottle fruit pectin.

Measure sugar and grape pulp into large kettle, mix well and bring to full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in Certo. Pour quickly. Paraffin butter at once.

VENISON JELLY: Use fresh grapes. Four and one-half cups juice; eight cups sugar; one-half bottle fruit pectin.

To prepare juice, stem three pounds fully ripe grapes and crush thoroughly. Add one-half cup apple vinegar; one teaspoon cloves; two teaspoons cinnamon. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer ten minutes. Squeeze juice from fruit. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to boil over hottest fire and at once, add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to full rolling boil and boil hard one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

Hollywood has a new word for *WASH*—



"We say 'LUX'—then we know our nice things are safe"—says

Heather Angel

"WHEN I say 'Lux' my things, my maid knows that means nothing else but!" Heather explains. "A swish through Lux and out things come superb as new, the colors not faded a bit. We wouldn't think of caring for lingerie, stockings, blouses, gloves and sweaters any other way."

Everybody's using the new word for "wash" because "Luxing" is different from ordinary "washing."

These tissue-thin flakes dissolve instantly in luke-warm water. The rich, creamy suds *float* the soil right out! And, with Lux, there's no danger to colors and fabrics as with ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali.

Your nice things will look lovelier, last longer, too, the Lux way. Lux has no harmful alkali! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"In the RKO-Radio Studios," says Walter Plunkett, Wardrobe Director, "Lux saves us thousands of dollars in cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new-looking twice as long. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies and even rugs are washed with Lux here."



HEATHER ANGEL is devoted to Luxable fashions like this linen sports frock. "Lux keeps things looking like new," she tells you.



"YOU CAN'T AFFORD to risk other washing methods," Heather adds, "but if you trust to Lux you know you're safe!"

See HEATHER ANGEL in RKO's "The Three Musketeers."



DON'T TRUST TO LUCK — TRUST TO LUX — *Hollywood says*



Ann Sothorn, Columbia player, uses a bleach mask to normalize a tanned or freckled skin

IN BEAUTY'S NAME



Helen Lynd, in Universal's "Sweet Surrender," bathes her eyes twice daily. Her purse kit is equipped for manicures



A new atomizer with metal and tasseled top is a useful traveling companion. A charming gift



A golden girl is Lyda Roberti. She matches her fingertips to her jewelry and metallic gown.



Miss Lynd believes in being very firm about her throat. A cream with astringent qualities, massaged with gentle upward strokes, refines and corrects lines

Wouldn't you like to know the names of the beauty aids used by the Hollywood stars? A new leaflet, "In Beauty's Name," is yours for the asking. If your problems are more personal, they will have our care and attention. For leaflets or information, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, New York

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, M-G-M STAR, IN "The Bishop Misbehaves"

MAKE-UP Secrets

FROM THE

DIARY

OF

Maureen O'Sullivan

A glimpse into the days when Maureen O'Sullivan's success was just beginning... reprinted from her personal diary by special permission.

JAN. Am to have screen test Friday—getting
10. frightened! Lunch with Dick. He says I'd better work on my voice and make-up before Friday. Shall try to see Max Factor, who is called the genius of make-up.

*

JAN. Had a terrible time seeing Max Factor—
11. so many stars and beauty editors at his studio. Told me he would create powder, rouge, and lipstick in a color harmony shade that would dramatize my type. Says he discovered color harmony to be the secret of beauty. Shall see him tomorrow.

*

JAN. Max Factor is a genius! His color har-
12. mony powder, rouge, and lipstick blends perfectly with my complexion colorings! It gave me so much confidence that I went through my screen test like a veteran. I never knew that make-up could mean so much.

*

Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis just as he does for screen stars? Would you like a sample of your color harmony make-up and an interesting illustrated booklet on, "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" All these will be sent to you if you will mail the coupon below to Max Factor, Hollywood.



Powder

Max Factor's Powder, originated for screen stars, is now available to you in color harmony shades for brunettes, blondes, brownettes and redheads. Enlivens your skin instantly with youthful radiance. Creates a lasting, satin-smooth texture. One dollar.

Rouge

Max Factor's Rouge created for screen stars is also available in color harmony shades for every type. Creamy-smooth it blends easily, evenly, and gives your cheeks an alluring lifelike glow that lasts for hours. Being light tested, it retains its true color under any light. Fifty cents.

Lipstick

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, like the powder and rouge, is available in color harmony shades for every type. Keeps your lips young, lovely. Maybe applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a perfectly even color that lasts for hours. One dollar.



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Pansy-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE.
1-11-105

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, Add type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

Ask

THE ANSWER MAN

FRED STONE first saw the light of day in Valmont, Colorado—a place that is no longer in existence. He has laughing, grey-blue eyes and curly hair that is slowly turning white. Though his name is an institution of the American stage, he is descended from a family of farmers.

His career began at the tender age of nine, when he found some spangles that had been lost by a tight-rope walker. He begged his mother to sew them to a pair of old tights. Shortly after, he joined a circus and has since appeared in almost every kind of theatrical. He was the last of the great actors to succumb to the lure of the movies, but they finally have gotten him. In "Alice Adams," he has proven himself to be as capable and entertaining a screen actor as he had been on the stage.

Will Rogers was his most devoted friend, both sharing a common interest in horses, planes and cowboys. Up until the time of Fred's plane crash in 1928, he was an ardent and enthusiastic flyer; but he has not flown since. And now, since Will Rogers' tragic death, there is little doubt that he will ever fly again. He feels the great loss deeply, for to him it symbolized one of the rarest and most beautiful things in life—a perfect friendship.

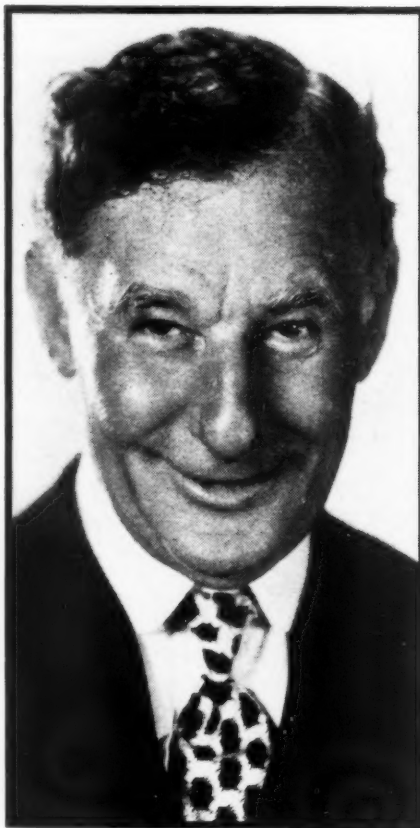
GERRY SMITH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Sorry we had to take so long in answering. Your favorite, Buddy Rogers was born on August 13, 1904 in Olathe, Kansas. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and black eyes. And—hold your breath—no, Buddy has never been married. You can write to him care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

MARY LOUISE STORMONT, OKMULGEE, OKLA.—Tom Brown was born on January 6, 1913, in New York City. That would make him twenty-two. Tom may be reached at the RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

LOU VERA IVEY, DECATUR, GA.—Dick Powell hails from Mountain View, Arkansas. He has auburn hair and blue eyes. Is 6 feet tall and weighs 177 pounds. Before going into the movies, Dick was an orchestra leader. Dick is not married at the present time. His first wife was a non-professional. You will see him shortly in "Page Miss Glory" and "Shipmates Forever."

MRS. JOHN HAMILTON, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Lila Lee has been married two times. James Kirkwood was her first husband and John R. Peine her second.

GLADYS, COLCHESTER, CONN.—Thank you for the charming letter. We hope you will continue being a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY. Ruby Keeler is a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia. She was born August 25, 1909. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Her eyes are blue and her hair brown. She was educated at the Professional Children's



"Farmer in the Dell" gives Fred Stone another chance to display his gay and entertaining talent

School in New York City. Ruby was on the legitimate stage before her entrance into pictures. She started with Warners and is still under contract to them. Al Jolson is her husband. Yes, her first and only one. Ruby and Al have recently adopted a little baby boy and whom they call Albert Jr. Are they fond of him? Ask their best friends. Her latest picture is "Shipmates Forever."

MELBA NELMS, PEORIA, ILL.—The only way to obtain photographs of the various stars is to write to them at the studios where they are working. You will have to send twenty-five cents for each photograph.

This is to cover the cost of packing, mailing and postage.

BERNICE FELD, CHICAGO, ILL.—The above also answers your question.

CHARLES G. MCKEE, WINCHESTER, VA.—No trouble at all. Fifi D'Orsay has only been married once. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her hair is jet black and her eyes hazel.

She hasn't appeared in any other pictures since playing in "Wonder Bar."

CONSTANCE HILLMAN, FAIRMONT, W. VA.—You're right. Constance has no middle name. Don't forget your end of the bargain. Winifred Shaw, born in San Francisco, California, on February 25th, 1910. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hair and eyes are both dark brown. At the tender age of eleven, she began her career on the legitimate stage, appearing in such hits as "Simple Simon," "Ziegfeld Follies of 1931," and "Rain or Shine."

She entered the movies in 1933 and will appear shortly in "Broadway Hostess," a Warner Brothers' picture.

LAURA BOSTICK, LAKE CHARLES, LA.—Fred MacMurray was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30th, but he doesn't confide the year. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 185 pounds. Has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Claudette Colbert is a Parisian by birth. She was born September 13, 1907. She measures 5 feet 4 inches and tips the scales at 107 pounds. Her hair and eyes are dark brown. Gary Cooper hails from Helena, Montana, where he was born May 7, 1901. He weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall. Has black hair and dark blue eyes.

JULIA BALL, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Dublin, Ireland, was George Brent's birthplace. He was educated at the New York High School of Commerce, at the Rand School and at the University of Dublin.

JANET BOWMAN, BOSTON, MASS.—Before entering pictures, George Raft was a dancer and appeared on the legitimate stage. He was born September 26, 1903 and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He has brown eyes and black hair. Some of his pictures previous to "The Trumpet Blows" were "Bolero," "All of Me," "The Bowery," "Pick-Up," and "Night After Night."

C. E. HUSTEDT, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Sorry, we cannot give you the home address of the stars. You will have to write to them care of the studios where they are working. Doris Kenyon is not under contract to any company at present.

HELEN M. WICKLEIN, READING, PA.—Most of the companies do have New York offices but you will have to write directly to California.

ALFRED HOLMES, BALTIMORE, MD.—Dick Powell was born on November 14, 1904. According to our arithmetic he should be thirty-one this month. Rudy Vallee is shy about divulging his birthday, but he is approximately thirty-three years old. His birthplace was Westbrook, Maine. The information you requested about Tom Brown is given elsewhere on this page.

Pat O'Brien was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on November 11, 1899.



**Read
how
Mabel
won lots
of new
dates**



**Don't let adolescent
pimples humiliate YOU**

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood



Romance comes to the girl who guards against **COSMETIC SKIN**

IT is true that men just can't help falling in love with soft, smooth skin. The girl who doesn't win this charm—and *keep* it—is a foolish girl indeed!

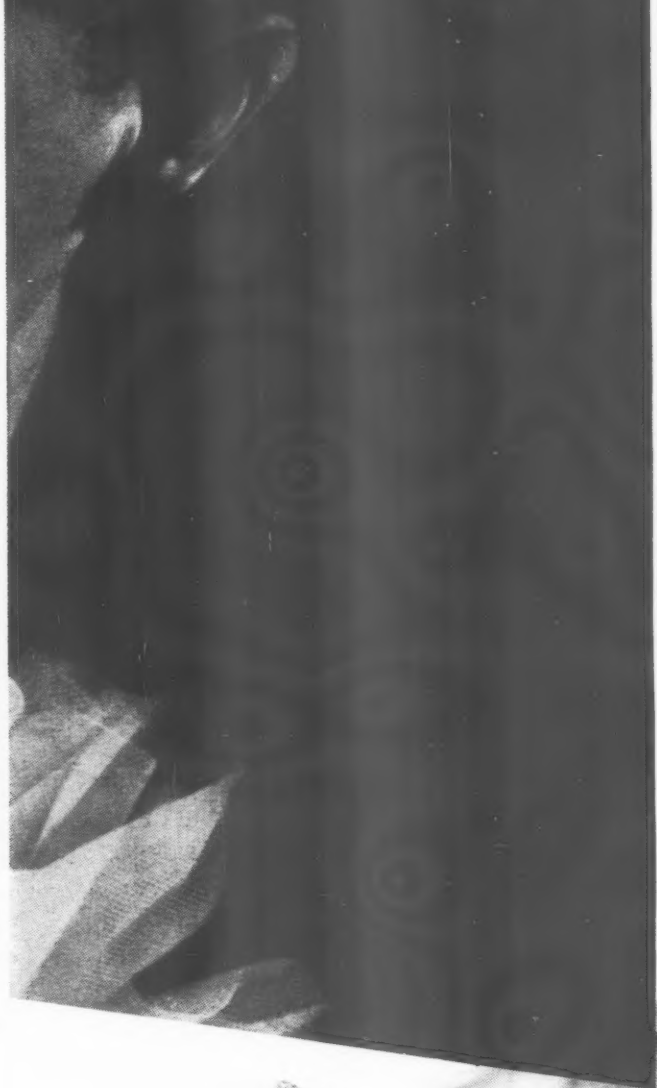
Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

There's no need to risk spoiling your looks by letting unattractive Cosmetic Skin develop. It's when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—tiny blemishes appear, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps.

You can guard against this modern complexion trouble with Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather sinks *deep* into the pores—gently carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap that's specially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*! Use cosmetics all you wish! But to *protect* your skin—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night.

WOULDN'T LOVE YOU...



I USE COSMETICS, BUT
I'M TAKING NO CHANCES
WITH COSMETIC SKIN.
THAT'S WHY I USE **LUX**
TOILET SOAP FAITHFULLY



MERLE OBERON

STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "THE DARK ANGEL"

Fashion Forecast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

definitely individual, an added virtue in the eyes of woman.

EVENING

Colors: Rich and vibrant, mysterious changeable hues, multi-colored fabrics, Oriental effects in pale pastels with silver and gold. Suit your individuality, but mix your colors deftly.

Fabrics: Rich, magnificent, fabrics carry the load of fashion. Un-crushable velvet, taffeta velvet, cellophane velvet, lamé, gold and silver brocades, heavy satin, chiffon and cloqué crêpes.

Line: The flowing line of Grecian or Roman influence; Renaissance; Oriental drapery; adaptations of the 1914 silhouette, slashed skirts, harem drapes.

The décolletage has reached its all-time low. The deep V of the bodice attempts concealment behind huge clusters of flowers.

Gala nights bring forth glamorous evening gowns that glisten with jeweled girdles, buckles, huge clips. Chokers of semi-precious stones are worn both night and day.

No evening top-knot is complete without its halo, diadem, clip, comb or flower cluster.

Romantic velvet capes in all black or Renaissance tones, long, flowing and all-enveloping, salute the evening. For the woman who does not possess a luxurious fur wrap, nothing takes the place of the cape. For utility and warmth, the long wrap is preferable, but capes in any length are good.

Evening sandals with flat heels reflect the Greek and Oriental influence. Adjustable jeweled heels may be purchased separately, fastened to your sandal to add to, or subtract from your height. Gold and silver kid lead the parade.

DAYTIME

Colors: Brown with mustard yellow; grey with brown; Italian red with intense blue; rust with lapis lazuli; chive green, copperwood, Tuscan wine, caribou, and of course, black.

For sports, wear gay colors. If you have a bright color complex, express it here. For street and afternoon, dark tones, relieved by bright accents in trimming and accessories.

Fabrics: Multi-colored tweeds for sports; tweed knits, bouclé knits, hand knits; cloqué wools; sheer novelty wools; broadcloth; duvetyne. Many changeable effects in reversible fabrics with contrast in color or texture. Heavy crêpes, velveteen, jersey.

Line: Shorter skirts for sports; for the street and afternoon, twelve to fourteen inches from the floor. Be good to yourself in the use of flares, pleats and godets, but never

ing your many gadgets safely confined in your new Autumn handbag.

Full sleeves are flattering, but never clutter them up with tricky detail. A full, simple sleeve is a thing of beauty. Leave it so.

Square-shouldered and military, jackets are fastened with braided frogs. For town wear, topcoats in smooth-finish wools are lavishly trimmed with fur. Swagger coats top two-piece suits, matching or contrasting. Don't be afraid to contrast colors.

HATS

Let color run riot, is my tip for the top. Berets are round, flat, square, scooped like a shovel, or tied in the back. Military hats with coque feathers. Bonnet-like shapes tie under the chin. Page boy caps. Veils everywhere. Ostrich tips and quills. And the "flower pot will grow prettier" as the pendulum swings from the pancake.

SHOES

Unless you assemble the correct style for each and every costume, select plain and simple shoes with a good last to fit your busy moving feet. There is a growing acceptance of color. New combinations are in green and brown reversed calf; burgundy, in suede with patent trim; brown, blue and black as usual. Rust juniper calf. Flat-heeled colonials and high-riding oxfords.

GLOVES AND STOCKINGS

Wear your gloves longer and unflared, in Renaissance shades of brown, ox-blood, Hindu rust and Araby green, to contrast with your costume. Fur gloves match fur hoods. Velvet gloves to wear with your velvet toque.

Stockings take on browner tones and come in shades of ginger, durbar, Hindustan. London mist and caribou have a grey cast. Dubonnet and green as well as blue and black appear.

FURS

Furs are gorgeous and are used lavishly. Flat furs trim wools and fashion hats. Tails occasionally trim hats which are reminiscent of Daniel Boone. Coat collars of blue and silver fox. Collars and front panels of red or crossed fox ornament tweed swaggers. Persian lamb appears in young fashions.

A Word to the Fashion Wise

The "collar clip" craze is doing nicely, thanks to Joan Crawford. She's using them on all sorts of costumes in series of eight clips, all matching of course. One set, created in ivory, she wears with a sports costume. Another in semi-precious stones is for afternoon and a third series, in precious stones, adds that certain something to the formal gown.

Shades of Romeo! "Juliet" caps in tiny seed pearls are coming back. Norma Shearer ordered one for her personal wardrobe after viewing the entrancing sketches for her costumes in Shakespeare's famous tragedy.

Columbia's young Marian Marsh has a trick idea. She transformed a simple evening gown of black satin into a glamorous formal by the easy stunt of wearing over it a costume blouse of gay flowered lamé heavily shot with gold. It is of surplice design and ties in the back. You can do it too.

If you're bothered with your hair blowing about enroute to that very swank party, try this: metallic mesh scarfs. They're cut like helmets and cover the coiffure. What's more, they'll do wonders for you along the sophistication line.

Jean Harlow is sponsoring the newest in necklines for fall wear. It's called the "chain neckline" and she wears it with a blue velveteen afternoon frock. The chain, a semi-large link affair in antique silver, slips through slits at the side of the neck and fastens at the back. Nice?

From "collar clips" to "dog-collars"—like granny wore when she was all dressed up. Una Merkel has a collar in seed pearls, held together with thin bars studded in diamonds. She's careful to wear it with gowns with the old-fashioned touch to them. You be as careful.

Jabots are back! Billie Burke wears one on a daytime frock of mauve crêpe. The half-jabot is of floral print, finely pleated, in tones of orchid, pink, blue and gray. The other half is pleated with creme mousseline de soie. Simple, but so effective. And so good to the figure.

at the expense of flowing line. Fullness there is in the new clothes, but it never projects itself.

There is not much change in waistlines, though there seems to be a tendency toward a lower line. Necklines continue to rise and carry their own ornaments of chains, clips and rope. More rope, seems to be the cry for both belts and necklines.

Jeweled belts confine your jersey or your evening gown, the only difference being in the leather. Covered zippers and talon fasteners zip you into your new clothes, as well as keep-

Tamara

DISCOVERS REAL HANDBAG SECURITY



Tamara — co-starring with Frank Parker in the Universal Film musical photoplay SWEET SURRENDER

This famous actress entrusts her valuables only to handbags featuring security of the automatic-locking *Talon* slide fastener

The beautiful ladies of the screen are discovering that unreliable, loose-closing handbags are a thing of the past—that today, it's possible to combine absolute security with smartest style—in handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking fastener.

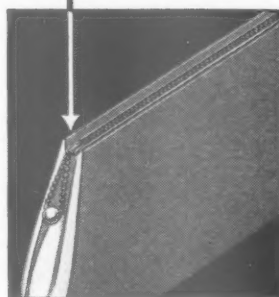
They have discovered that one quick pull on this flexible, easy-gliding fastener closes bags tightly and securely—a

closing that means an absolutely safe handbag—and a very good-looking one!

And you will discover that Talon on a handbag means perfection of quality and design—because only the outstanding manufacturers give their bags the benefit of this precision-made fastener.

All the leading stores sell them—in all the smartest styles.

Talon
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA • NEW YORK • BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • PORTLAND

Hollywood Scrambled Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

Cabots and the Ames . . . ? (Mr. Cabot being another Adrienne Ex).

Renee Torres and Vic Orsatti just couldn't seem to keep off the dance floor they were having such a good time, which probably had no connection with the fact that John Gilbert (who used to go with Renee before he started to go with Marlene Dietrich) was over in a corner with the pride and joy of Paramount, who, in turn had just nodded brightly in the direction of Josef Von Sternberg!

All of which goes to prove that Hollywood may be, as advertised, the garden spot of love in bloom! But it's the toughest place in the world to let it wilt!

Where Hollywood has them, is that it is a small town with a big business; and everybody important is tied to it with contracts.

In New York, London or Paris, or even Prairie Center, when a marriage goes on the rocks, or a romance reaches a *psst* in Walter Winchell's column, the principals are usually accorded the privilege of getting decently out of one another's lives, sight and hair.

BUT no matter how you add it up and try to divide, there's still only ten miles separating Beverly Hills and Hollywood. There are only a few cafes in which to dine, a few night clubs in which to dance, and even a fewer number of people to give parties and invite the Ex's.

So Hollywood's scrambled romances continue to bump shoulders on the dance floors, attend the same parties, previews, and first nights, pal with the same people and, yes, even work in the same pictures in the most socially strained post-love status in the world.

Just show me the woman who can afford to look bored when her ex-husband or ex-beau is in the room!

They can leave 'em . . . but they can't shake 'em in Hollywood.

Take Carole Lombard and William Powell and their honest efforts to get divorced socially as well as legally. Of course, for a solid year after their final, Carole and Bill remained the best of friends, circulating in the same group.

That was before Carole met Robert Riskin and before Bill caught up romantically with Jean Harlow.

After that, while Carole and Bill had the best wishes in the world for one another, they never seemed to get together quite so often.

But when Carole walked into the Clover Club one evening with Robert Riskin and proceeded to eat her dinner and mind her own business, not a gossip-column in town failed to report that she had merely nodded to her ex-husband and failed entirely to speak to Jean Harlow! Nobody particularly cared that the so-called "coolness" between the girls was nothing short of a plain lack of introduction! They'd never met. Any place else . . . they might never have met. But you know Hollywood. Before the columnists were through with them, Jean and Carole were feuding.

And it wasn't until Carole, too, too annoyed by the heckling, called up Jean, introduced herself over the phone and invited her (and Bill, of course) to her next party that the columnist fun stopped!

After that things were a little dull, until Norma Talmadge and George Jessel arrived in Hollywood for a little vacation and a few

personal appearances, and you should know the box-office names that began to scramble in the social life!

When Merle Oberon and Norma Talmadge met in the living room at Sam Goldwyn's beach house, everybody was simply pop-eyed to see what was going to happen. Norma was once married to Joseph Schenck, you know, and Merle was once his fiancée, for a little while, so surely *something* would come of it. It was all pretty disappointing when the girls merely acknowledged the introduction in formal politeness and then managed to put the entire length of the room between them after that . . . which is about as far as anyone ever gets in Hollywood. The only thing that could have been more fun would have been for Connie



Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern best pals, but then a tiff—and a picture they had to work together in!

Bennett to walk in with Gilbert Roland, because Norma used to go around with Gilbert quite a lot, just as Connie goes out with him quite a lot on the evenings when Hank de la Falaise is dining with little Joan Marsh. Then toss in Georgie Jessel (who is now married to Norma) and David Niven (who is never very far away from Merle Oberon) and then have Joseph Schenck arrive with the New York girl he is supposed to be engaged to and what would you have but a typical Hollywood party?

IN their way, and after their fashion, the studios have just as much fun throwing monkey wrenches into parties, and scrambling and embarrassing ex-romantics.

To pretty Ann Sothern it must have seemed nothing short of the irony of fate that Columbia happened to cast her in "The Girl Friend" with Roger Pryor as her screen sweetheart,

just at the time when she was tiffing violently with Mr. Pryor in the rôle of her private-life beau! While Roger whispered sweet nothings in Ann's ear before the camera—he was whispering nothing in her direction when the crank stopped grinding, for the simple reason that they weren't speaking . . . much less whispering! If they had been in the stenographic and public accountant business, say, Ann could have taken her typewriter, or Roger could have moved his books to another firm. But the Front Office laughs at heartaches in Hollywood and there was nothing left for Ann and Roger to do but to see it through. This is one of the few cases on record that didn't end embarrassingly. Ann and Roger made up a week after the picture ended!

Columbia had no more than signed Claudette Colbert to make "She Married Her Boss" than they invited her almost-divorced-husband—who-recently-announced-his-engagement-to-Sally-Blane to make a picture on the same lot at the same time!

MAYBE Columbia didn't know that Claudette and Norman Foster were going to all sorts of bother to try to beat the Hollywood game of being thrown together. (Just the week before Claudette had turned down a charming invitation to a party she would have enjoyed because, as she explained to her hostess: "Norman and I really haven't had a chance to talk over our break . . . and it would be too strained meeting at your house!") So they met every day at the studio instead! The only thing that could have scrambled this situation more thoroughly would have been to have Sally Blane play the ingénue lead in Claudette's picture.

Just the other night I saw Estelle Taylor and "Van" Smith dining at the King's Club, and Hollywood-minded as I am, I couldn't help wondering if they'd seen the evening papers. There were a couple of front page news stories spread out for the world to see that should have interested them both.

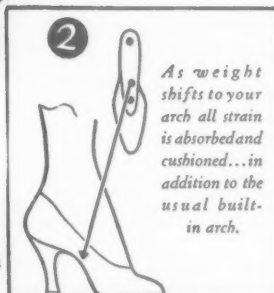
In the first place it was "news" that Miss Nancy Carroll, of the Hollywood Carrolls, was in Reno for what the reporters took to be the express purpose of getting a divorce from Bolton Mallory so she might marry . . . guess who? . . . Mr. "Van" Smith who was dining in Hollywood with Estelle Taylor.

In another box, almost as conspicuous, was the little human interest story to the effect that Isabel Jewell had taken a tearful leave of Hollywood proclaiming to high heaven that Hollywood men were "not to be trusted." For six years Isabel had gone with Lee Tracy who was now, supposedly, "going" with Estelle Taylor who was dining in Hollywood with "Van" Smith.

Sandwiched between these items of interest was a large and beaming photograph of Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams, Dempsey holding their gurgling daughter, and it was kindly called to your attention that jovial Jack was formerly the husband of Estelle Taylor who was rumored to be the present fiancée of Lee Tracy who had formerly been the fiancé of Isabel Jewell until Nancy Carroll left town . . . but where am I? Oh, yes, I was wondering what Estelle and "Van" were discussing that evening. I'm still wondering!

IT'S A NEW
SENSATION!
SO AMAZINGLY LIGHT!
SO BUOYANT!

See how invisible
Rhythm Treads
support the foot
at 3 strain points
in every stride



**An Utterly New Kind of
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Extra Health Features**

TO win such praise from Marilyn Miller, Rhythm Step shoes had to be sparkling with style and grace. And they decidedly are. It's hard to believe such dainty shoes actually are health shoes. It's the first time you have ever seen a trim, light, really stylish shoe with comfort features. You will find the reason in invisible Rhythm Treads—a revolutionary principle that makes it possible, for the first time, to put real comfort features into lovely style shoes without sacrificing a bit of their grace.

The exclusive Rhythm Treads buoy up your foot at three additional points, instead of merely bracing the main arch. They so scientifically tread your step and cradle your foot that Rhythm Step shoes keep their dainty shape and provide perfect support for all arches—instead of just one! With this entirely new invention there is no need for thick leathers, weighty construction, blocky heels and heavy shanks to ease the strain of body weight. It means extra support at no extra cost—in shoes so fashion-right and lovely they will win you at sight. See them now—at smart stores everywhere!



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Recognized Style Leaders for Over 20 Years



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\$6⁵⁰
Slightly Higher
West of the
Rockies



She Had to Be Famous

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Mrs. Withers is a plumpish nice looking woman with a sunny disposition and just a hangover of a Southern accent. She touched Jane's treasures reverently—the endless array of dolls perched all over the apartment, the autographed pictures of movie stars and radio greats, the dressing table she had liked so well when making "Ginger" that the studio had given it to her, the silver loving cup from the beach parade, the "brought one" buttons she had earned at Sunday School, the press clipping book. She fondled them as if they were her own.

Then the story came out.

It was a satisfying story—the kind it does you good to hear, with an ending that nourished the spirit and warmed the heart.

Mrs. Withers wanted to go on the stage when she was a girl. She wanted desperately to act—more than anything else in life. But her family was a respectable German family of Louisville and they didn't believe in such things for their daughters. A woman's place was in the home.

So Jane's mother married and went to Atlanta to live, swearing that if—no—when she had a daughter, that daughter should be what she had always longed to be—an actress. Don't most parents see in children a second chance at life?

And long months before her expected baby came, she walked down Peach Tree Street, in Atlanta, where the marquees of the theaters blazed in electric lights the names of great actresses. But to her they always read "Jane Withers" for that was the name she had already chosen from the world of little girls' names, because she had thought it all over and decided that "Jane" would look best in lights.

She went to shows—all that time—almost every day. Stage plays and musical reviews, concerts and movies—everything that came to town.

And always the girl who sparkled and pirouetted or sang lovely songs was, of course, her little girl, Jane Withers.

"But how do you know it will be a girl?" her friends kept insisting when they heard her speak of "Jane" and saw the pink bassinet and the little chiffon robe full of dainty little girl-baby clothes.

"She *will* be," repeated Mrs. Withers. "She has to be."

And she was. A bright-eyed little buster with a wide grin who clapped her tiny hands when her mother sang "Just A Love Nest" to her and who heard hundreds of other hands being clapped three years later when her mother took her hand and trotted her over to the neighborhood movie house where they had "amateur nights."

They only paid eight dollars for the first prize on "amateur night," but Jane made quite a good thing of it, because she'd travel around to all the amateur nights, and always she'd win the prize, sometimes two or three a week. Mothers with young hopefuls got to calling up Mrs. Withers.

"Is—Jane going to be down at the theater tonight?" they'd ask.

"Yes," Mrs. Withers would usually say "yes, she is."

"Then," they'd sigh, "I think I'll wait until next time to take Marjorie."

But little girls who won the prize on amateur nights didn't have their names up in lights on Peach Tree Street, nor did little girls who became big juvenile radio revue hits. Jane at five was topping an Atlanta radio program, making forty-five dollars a week. But that wasn't what her mother had dreamed about.

Her friends told her she was crazy to go alone with Jane to Hollywood. They reminded her that she didn't know anyone. They read her the warnings.

"But when they see her," said Mrs. Withers, confidently, "they'll want her."

They didn't see her for some time. "Thank heaven, there wasn't any financial trouble," Mrs. Withers said. Mr. Withers couldn't leave his job with the tire company in Atlanta, but he sent the allowance regularly every week. But there was plenty of trouble getting inside studio gates, until one day when a friend asked her to come along with her to a studio appointment at Fox. Mrs. Withers and Jane just tagged along, but Jane knew what it was all about.

The casting man saw her. Jane saw to that. "My," he said, "that's a cute little girl. Do you mind if we take her address and telephone number?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Withers.

SO Jane got a job in "Handle With Care," and her mother could already see the bright bulbs on Peach Tree Street shouting "Jane Withers." She wrote her friends. They wrote back, "We saw the picture, but we couldn't see Jane. Mrs. Green says she *thought* she saw her in a scene or two."

But it was different with "Bright Eyes." Mrs. Withers dug a photograph out of the table drawer. The resplendent front of the biggest movie house on Peach Tree Street screamed a dream come true.

"SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN 'BRIGHT EYES,'" it proclaimed brilliantly. "WITH ATLANTA'S OWN JANE WITHERS." And she won't have to share the billing when "Ginger" comes to town.

"You can guess what this means to me," said Mrs. Withers. Her father's awfully proud of Jane too—although, she laughed, "he wanted a boy."

"Shall I have Jane come in—or shall we go out—she's in her 'pent-house,'" explained Mrs. Withers, "having a birthday party."

The "pent-house" was a yellow square playhouse perched on the roof of the garage. Over the door two crossed American flags proclaimed the patriotism of the name beneath it—in sizeable black letters—"JANE WITHERS." Scattered around the outside were various boxes.

"For the dogs," whispered Mrs. Withers, "they don't allow dogs in the apartment, but Jane is always picking up stray dogs on the street. She slips them up here and hides them in these boxes. Sometimes," she sighed, "we have a regular dog hotel."

Jane, in a red corduroy bathrobe and an absurd, stringy tartan hair ribbon, was pouring tea for a three-foot doll and a protesting maltese kitten yclept Bubbles.

"Bubbles has a birthday every week," she announced, twisting her face into a smile of greeting. When Jane talks her eyebrows pop up and down beneath her bangs and her eyes

squint and then open. Her lips twist all around.

"Her father told her to stop twisting her face all up when she talked," recalled Mrs. Withers, "but Jane said, 'Why, Daddy, that's what *made* Marie Dressler'—so—Jane—don't do that!"

Jane had handed Bubbles a vigorous birthday bite on the ear and Bubbles, objecting to such natal day mayhem, was raising his pleas to high heaven.

"Remember," warned her mother, "your father said he'd take Bubbles away if you didn't stop biting him."

Jane looked sad. "But I love him so."

"You'll get germs."

Jane made a face. "Germs," she said, "I hate that word." She kissed Bubbles on the neck and squeezed his ribs savagely. Bubbles wriggled free, yowling, and decided to clear out.

Jane regarded his retreating bounds philosophically. "I like cats," she stated. "Cats and dogs—and kids."

"Boys or girls," I asked.

"Oh, I like girls," said Jane, "but not much."

"She likes Jackie Searl," said Mrs. Withers.

"Mo-ther," protested Jane. "You're always telling on me."

"I think he's the boy friend," said Mrs. Withers.

Jane shot a glance. "I like kids."

Over at the other place, at "fifty-five-fifty-five," (doubtless a street) it seems, Jane was promoter and president of the "All-Kids Club." She liked "fifty-five-fifty-five" about the best of all the places they had lived, although one apartment house had Chinese servants, which was nice, because as Jane confided, "They always carry knives." But at "fifty-five-fifty-five" there was a haunted house next door and a vacant lot with trees. The "All-Kids" built a club house in the trees, which was a wonderful idea because you could sit up there all day with a spyglass and watch for "enemies."

One day Jane and the kids tunneled into the cellar of the "haunted house" and discovered a "pirate's chest." It contained, instead of doubloons, a lot of fancy dress clothes, in which the "All-Kids" immediately arrayed themselves and scattered about the house until some one called Frank, the cop on the block. Frank was a member of the "All-Kids Club," but he was forced to break his blood vows and chase his colleagues off private property.

"BUT one kid," related Jane breathlessly "got clear to the attic before Frank got there—and you know what he saw?"

I didn't.

"A skel'ton," said Jane impressively, "a skel'ton, hanging on a rope."

"Jane!" said Mrs. Withers. "Maybe you'd better tell about the nice kids over there."

When the Withers moved to their present home, Jane had already made "Bright Eyes." The day they moved in a ring of tykes lined up beneath the window. They didn't know Jane's name, only the name she had in "Bright Eyes."

"Joy-eee" they wailed in whiny voices, "Joy Smy-uth—kin you come down and play?"

Jane poked her head out the window, hands on hips.

"Say-ay," she said, "lay off that Smythe stuff. My name's Jane. Be down in a minute." Now she spends all the nickels in her weekly dollar allowance sustaining boom times for the swarm of kids in the block—all of whom sell magazines or something.

You can't imagine what a feminine *Peurod* this little character is. She's right out of a Booth Tarkington book. She told me how much fun it was to put on a circus and how to make a dog into a lion by sticking feathers around his neck. She said the only way to run a club was to have secret codes.

She said she was a whiz at marbles and that she could make a slot machine pay every time. When she was making "Ginger," she said, she and Jackie Searl would go every noon and play the slot machines.

SHE said she could pick a winner in a horse race and that once she had won seven dollars and a half on the gambling ship—

"Jane!" said Mrs. Withers, with a soprano smile, "S-h-h-h—"

"Well—maybe it was just *seven* dollars," said Jane, "but remember how all the people were hanging around me for luck?"

What a girl!

And Mr. Withers had wished for a *boy*! It looked to me as if they both had got their wish.

"Of course, I had a swell time making 'Ginger,'" proceeded Jane, unruffled, "especially when I was up on the roof. But boy! Will I have fun next picture! Did you ever play 'tramp'?"

I couldn't remember.

"Me and John—he was our darkey man down in Atlanta—we used to sneak off up the railroad tracks and play 'tramp,'" confided Jane. "Boy, is it fun! Well—in my next picture I'm going to wear boy's clothes and run away with a tramp."

Mrs. Withers chuckled. "She's tickled to death about that," she said. "Whatever Jane does at the studio she puts her whole heart into. I guess I'm partly responsible for that. When she was just a little thing I used to tell her, 'Whatever you do, put something in it. Put something in it or don't do it at all.'"

"Then Jane," I said, "when you said 'I want a machine gun' in 'Bright Eyes'—did you really want a machine gun?"

"Sah-ay," said Jane, "I just *love* to pop ducks in a shootin' gallery. If I really *did* have a machine gun—"

She crouched in her chair. Her lip rolled out. A finger stuck stiffly out before a menacing squint. Another jerked an imaginary trigger.

"Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh—" went Jane, "huh-huh-huh-huh-huh—"

What a girl—what a girl!

The man was right. She isn't ginger, she's dynamite.

"You're going to have a college education regardless"

That was his father's order to Manchester Morris. And what did Manchester do? You'll find out in December *PHOTOPLAY*, out November 5. Since, Manchester became your old friend Chester Morris, as you'll discover in this most amusing story ever written about him.

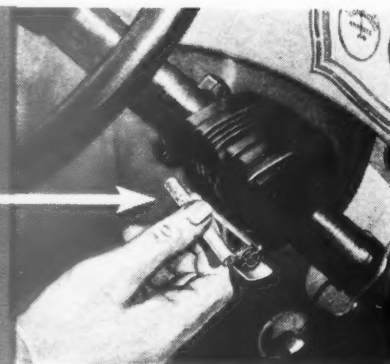


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HOLDS FULL PACK... HANDS DRIVER CIGARETTE
ALREADY LIT... \$2.50 VALUE MAILED FOR \$1.00
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THIS smart-looking holder-and-lighter clamps to steering post in a jiffy. Out of your way—but handy. Holds 24 cigarettes. Press with finger, and it hands you a smoke already lit. Safer, more convenient for driver.

Would be swell value at \$2.50 but it's not for sale in stores. It's yours for only \$1 plus five fronts from KOOL or RALEIGH packs. (You can combine KOOL and RALEIGH fronts to total 5. No need to destroy packages, simply tear out printed label fronts.) Or—if you prefer—send us 150 B & W coupons, and no money.

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Director "Woody" Van Dyke enjoys having his friends about him, and sees that they have a great time. Here he's the center of Brian Aherne, Isabel Jewel, Shirley Ross, and Fred Keating

Letters

Here is the most important exchange of movie opinion to be found—and it carries weight



Left, Eric Blore and Kasha Le Sueur, Joan Crawford's sister-in-law, tuck in some of the Van Dyke barbecue

More of the barbecue. Eric Blore, above center, looks over the cards before Fred Keating tries some tricks. Charles Butterworth also eyes 'em

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]
slant at them. Don't you think it would be worth a try?

MRS. DAISY HESSLER, Hutchinson, Kansas

BOW, MISS ARTHUR

JEAN ARTHUR gives true expression to a woman's feelings, not only in the relation to the man she loves, but as a comrade, a sister, and a daughter—and all in the same drama. She knows how to follow a sudden inclination into an action, filled with charming drollery; and she can make a smiling sense of humor break through the worry and the woe of a nearly hopeless conflict.

C. L. CHRISTENSEN, New York City

A MASTERPIECE

EVEN at this late date I come forth to praise and hail the courageous producer for it—Walter Wanger's "Private Worlds." In it the cinema digs more deeply and dramatically into the souls and beings of its characters than anything ever pictured before. To see "Private Worlds" is to live, breathe, and remember it—perhaps forever—which truly is a test or a measure of quality that very few pictures have so far remotely attained. Adding to this the splendid and thoroughly capable work of its cast, the haunting appropriateness of its music, plus the incomparable beautiful photography, "Private Worlds" is indeed a masterpiece.

FLORENCE ZULEGER, Minneapolis, Minn.

KEEP ACCENT IN

AFTER "Escapade," William Powell steps out of character for a moment to introduce Luise Rainer. And Miss Rainer says that she will try to improve her English for her next picture.

Why is it that Hollywood always does that to foreign actors and actresses? A foreign accent always sounds nice on the screen for a change.

It would be very nice if Miss Rainer and other foreign actors and actresses like her could keep their accent, as long as it is as clear as Miss Rainer's is.

It is fetching.

R. G. KEHOE, Pelham, N. Y.



Still the Greatest Mother

RED CROSS
SERVICE
IN
RELIEF,
HEALTH
AND
SAFETY

"Red Cross relief workers rescue families in flooded sections, house refugees, feed families and give medical care . . ."

"Red Cross mobilizes relief forces to house and care for the panic-stricken families in the tornado-swept belt . . ."

"Red Cross emergency hospitals and 25 nurses protect lives in the dust bowl area where measles epidemic and pneumonia patients, victims of the prolonged dust storms, need care . . ."

Descriptive phrases such as these are part of every news story of a catastrophe, because Red Cross disaster relief workers are always first on the scene. Their task is to bring order out of chaos, to see that suffering is halted, that the injured are cared for.

Weeks later when memory of the disaster may have been effaced to all but those upon its immediate scene, the Red Cross relief workers are still carrying on. There are problems of returning families, who are with-

out resources, to a self-sustaining basis, and there may be problems of sick, and injured still in hospital.

During ten months up to May 1, 1935, the Red Cross gave relief in 85 disasters, appropriating \$585,850. Floods and tornadoes were of greatest frequency. In this period, 13,500 families were cared for.

This is but one service of the Red Cross. Its Public Health Nurses annually visit more than a million sick and well in the interest of good health. Red Cross nurses teach Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick to additional thousands of men and women, school boys and girls. It trains men and women, boys and girls in Life Saving and First Aid.

More than 50,000 C. C. members were trained in First Aid in 1935, and thousands were taught Life Saving to safeguard swimmers from drowning.

The Red Cross has cooperated with federal relief agencies in every field.



Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell show a brand new dance step from "Broadway Melody of 1936"

BROADWAY'S GIFTS TO HOLLYWOOD



Jack Benny, stage and radio, as well as screen star, is a Broadway gossip columnist in the musical, which has a galaxy of other noted big "names"



Taylor and June Knight present another phase of the new dance, Broadway Rhythm, from M-G-M's screen musical extravaganza



Introducecin' Mme. la belle Arlette, otherwise Eleanor Powell, in "Broadway Melody." She has a pair of the cleverest dancing feet in Hollywood!

Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

floor, groped uncertainly for the wall, braced himself and stood for a moment, then said to Vilma Fenton, "Don't mind me, I'm all right."

Dick Brent led the way across the corridor. The door of the opposite room was ajar. Brent pushed it open, stepped inside. He groped for and found a switch button, clicked on the lights.

Very apparently this room had recently been occupied. The tracks of muddy feet were on the carpet. Several cigarette stubs were on the floor near the door. A long wedge-bladed knife had fallen near them. A gray cap soaked with rain was in the middle of the bed, as though someone had carelessly flung it there on entering the room.

Brent took swift charge of things.

"You can't stay away from your guests, Miss Fenton," he said. "You'd better leave this to me."

"How about you, Arthur," she asked, "can you go back downstairs and act as though nothing had happened?"

"Just a moment, I'll see," he said. He gave his head a quick shake from side to side, swayed for a moment, then managed a grin. "A little punch groggy, ma'am, but I can take it."

"GO down and see that the cocktail glasses are filled, Arthur," the actress told him. "Remember, it was just a window that blew open and smashed the glass. Don't answer too many questions."

The big man took a deep breath, walked from the room.

Brent indicated the cap on the bed, the knife on the floor, the row of cigarette stubs.

"The assailant hid in this room, smoking cigarettes while he was waiting. He heard steps going past the door, stepped out into the corridor. Either he knew it was the butler and wanted to get him, or else thought it was someone else."

"Thought it was who?" she asked, her eyes staring steadily into Brent's face.

"You," he told her.

She didn't so much as wince, but stood very straight, her backless gown showing her figure to advantage. Her face was no longer pale, but flushed with natural color.

"Who was it?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"You haven't time to lie to me."

"I know it."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know."

She met his eyes defiantly but steadily.

"Why did you kill Dr. Copeland?" he asked.

"I didn't kill him."

"Do you know Merla Smith?" Brent asked.

"Not personally, why?"

"Do you know who she is?"

"Yes, of course, the daughter of J. Fenton Smith, the millionaire lumber man. Why?"

"Dr. Copeland's day book shows that she had an appointment with him early this afternoon, but there isn't any case history for her. I wondered if she might be connected with any dealings you may have had with Dr. Copeland."

"Impossible!" the actress exclaimed with such vehemence that Brent would have been entirely convinced had he not had previous experiences with this young woman's extraordinary ability as an actress.



STEIGEN

No "lipstick-parching" for lips that want romance



It's a clever girl who keeps her lips an ardent invitation to romance. But lips *can't* be that...

if the skin is dried and roughened by Lipstick Parching.

So, you must ask your Lipstick to do more than merely tint your lips. It should protect the texture... keep that sensitive skin smooth and petal-soft. That's where so many lipsticks fail. Some seem actually to leave the lips *rougher*.

Coty has proved that lipstick *can* give you the most exciting color... indelible color... without any parching penalties!

Try the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick and see! *It actually smooths and softens lips.* That's

because it contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

The "over-night" test has convinced many girls that Coty Lipstick is every bit as remarkable as we say. Just put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—rejoice! Your lips are smooth and soft as camellia petals!

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder... with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

"Why did you try to make me the fall guy?" Brent asked.

"I didn't."

"Listen," he told her. "You knew I was going to go to Dr. Copeland's office. You tried to fix things so that the police would pick me up there."

"No, no," she said, "please don't think that of me. I didn't know anything about it . . . until . . ."

"Until after I had left Alter's office?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"You knew what Alter was going to do?"

"After you left. . . . Oh, I don't mean that. I don't know *what* Alter did."

Dick Brent laughed grimly.

"Don't try to protect him," he said. "I've got so I know him by this time. I should have been on my guard when he made such lavish promises about money."

She remained silent, as though rigidly adhering to some resolve.

"Not talking?" he asked.

"Not talking," she replied.

BRENT opened his pocket knife, pressed the point of its blade into the wooden handle of the big knife which had been left on the floor. He produced a small phial of powder, dusted it over the surface of the big knife, covering both the handle and the blade.

"Fingerprints?" she asked.

"Lots of them," he told her. "I want a safe place where I can leave this knife until I can send out a man with a fingerprint camera to photograph those latents."

She indicated a closet. Brent opened the closet door, opened a cedar-lined drawer in the closet, deposited the knife, setting it carefully on edge, propped up by the pen knife. He closed the drawer, closed the closet door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"What hold did Dr. Copeland have on you?" he asked.

"I can't tell."

"You will sooner or later."

"I can't."

Brent looked at his wrist watch and said bluntly, "Okay. Someone's always trying to make me the fall guy. Go down to your guests."

She came a step toward him.

"You detest me?" she asked.

"Yes," he told her, without any particular rancor, as one who is stating a matter of fact. She stood very close to him.

"Listen," she said, "you *must* understand me. I play fair. I didn't have anything to do with what happened to you. I wouldn't have permitted it had I known what was being planned. I'm not a spoiled, selfish snob. I've fought my way up from the bottom."

"My publicity agent tells me I must keep it under cover, but I was a waitress in a railroad restaurant. I've worked as a stenographer and been darn glad to get work when I could get it. When I couldn't get stenographic work I'd wait tables. Then I got a break in Hollywood."

"Why tell me this?" he asked, but his eyes were no longer hostile. They were surveying her face with quizzical interest.

"Because," she said, "I have only one creed. I play fair. I don't want you to think I double-crossed you, and I want you to know what it means to me . . . I can't tell you. . . . Even if I could bring myself to do it, I haven't the time. But everything I have is in danger. My career may be swept out from under my feet."

Brent raised his eyebrows.

"That serious?" he asked.

"That serious," she told him.

Brent's eyes narrowed. "Get back to your guests," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going visiting."

It took a moment for his remark to register.

"You mean you're going to see Frank Alter?"

"I'm going to see Frank Alter."

She placed an impulsive hand on his sleeve.

"Please," she said, "don't tell Alter what's happened here."

"Why? He's your lawyer, isn't he? Haven't you got confidence in him?"

Slowly she shook her head. "Not after . . . not after tonight. I went to him because I was told he always got results, and I needed results. I needed them most desperately. But not so badly that I needed to double-cross those who are trying to help me. And even Alter didn't intend to let the police catch you. When I protested, he said you



Paulette Goddard, in a scene from the new Charlie Chaplin production. The film, many months in the making, is scheduled for release before long

were too resourceful to be caught. Do you understand how I feel?"

Looking into her eyes, he said slowly, "Yes, I understand."

Her face brightened. "Come on," she said, "I must get back to my guests. You'll have to leave. I'll make excuses for you. Remember that you're a very old friend, a very intimate friend."

"You'll give me some other name?" he asked, "in speaking of me to your guests?"

"I don't care," she told him. "You may be known. Someone there may have recognized you or may see you later on and find out your real name. I dare not let anyone think your visit was professional."

She led him down the stairs and, as they approached the living room, Dick noticed there were no longer sounds of merriment emanating from behind the thick curtains which were drawn across the entrance. It was as though some subtle tension of fear had gripped the house.

Wind still blew wildly through the broken window, whistled past the jagged fragments of glass and made a cold draft down the corridor.

"Tell me," she asked, "did someone jump out through that window?"

"I don't know," he said, "I'll make an investigation when I get outside."

"You'll be careful?" she asked.

"You," he told her, "are the one to be careful."

She flung aside the portieres, and, with the motion, her personality underwent swift transformation.

The actress in her came to the front. She stood smiling at her guests with half parted lips and starry eyes.

"MY FRIENDS," she said, "tonight I'm very, very happy. I've met an old friend, one with whom I'd lost contact for years. I'm sorry that he can't stay, but I want you to know Dick Brent."

She turned to him, placed her hand on his arm.

"I'm not performing individual introductions," she said. "He's late for a most important appointment and I promised him he wouldn't be delayed."

She raised her face to his.

"Good night, Dick," she said, in a low, purring voice.

For a moment he wondered why she had chosen to say good-night to him at this place and in this manner, then suddenly he realized the significance of her upraised chin, her red, half parted lips.

He bent forward.

Her arm flung itself joyously around his neck. She pressed her lips to his in a long, clinging embrace.

Guiltily, she jumped back, laughed nervously, said, "Oh Dick, what made you think that just because I'd become prosperous I was going to forget my old friends? Why did you try to keep out of my life? Come, I'll run to the door with you. You must hurry."

She waved her hand to her guests, grabbed his arm, pushed him toward the corridor, said to the butler who handed Brent his hat and raincoat in grim, hostile silence, "Never mind, Arthur, I'll open the door for Mr. Brent."

She twisted at the knob. Brent pulled it open. Moist wind rushed in through the doorway, whipping her garments about her.

"Lock the door," Brent told her. "Keep it locked. You'll hear from me, later. Good night, Miss Fenton."

She clutched at his arm, said in a hurried whisper, "Don't ever call me that. Call me Vilma. Remember, you're an old friend. No one must *ever* suspect you're seeing me in a professional capacity."

He nodded. "Good night, Vilma."

"Good night, Dick."

She stood in the doorway for a moment as he moved out into the rain. The lights from the hallway filtered through her white evening dress, disclosed the contours of a figure that a leading costume designer had emphatically declared was the best in Hollywood.

She raised fingers to her lips, blew him a kiss, and then the door closed.

Brent took a small, flat flashlight from his raincoat. He moved through the damp shrubbery. His feet skidded on the muddy surface of the ground until he had to clutch at the overhanging branch of a tree to steady himself.

HE was directly under the hallway window which had been broken. It was some twelve feet above the ground, and Brent, sending the beams of his flashlight in a questing circle, looking for footprints in the moist ground, found himself staring at an overturned chair, surrounded by fragments of glass which reflected back the beam of his spotlight.

There were no footprints. Brent snapped

out the flashlight, returned to the porch, pressed the doorbell.

A moment later the big butler opened the door. His face was coldly impassive.

"You wished to see Miss Fenton?" he asked.

"No," Dick said, lowering his voice, "tell her *there are no footprints under the window*. The man who struck you must still be in the house."

"Unless," the butler said meaningly, "he left by the front door."

Brent's voice was impatient. "Forget that stuff. Give my message to Miss Fenton. Tell her not to remain alone in this house under any circumstances. Tell her I'm sending out a man to cover the premises from the inside. She can trust him. His name is Peters."

The butler bowed from the waist.

"Very good, sir," he said in a tone which contained neither respect nor humility.

A moment later the door slammed with the sound of complete finality.

CHAPTER VI

THE storm had increased in intensity. Wind, which had blown first from the southwest, swung to the southeast. Along the Dark Canyon Road toward Burbank, eucalyptus trees threshed about like grotesque, thick-ribbed umbrellas turned wrong side out by the force of the wind.

Dick Brent turned his car to the right and started climbing. From time to time, gusts of wind hit the automobile, and made it wobble over the wet pavement.

Frank Alter had built his house on the ridge. From one side he had a view over the dam and reservoir, out to the lights of Los Angeles. From the other side he could see across the long panhandle of the Universal lot, out toward the San Fernando Valley. Jagged cloud wisps seemed to clutch at the tiled roof of the big house, as though trying to arrest their wind-driven progress.

But the wind, blowing through the pass with the force of a gale, whipped the streamers of down-flung moisture into fragments, struck the clouds themselves with sufficient force to make them swirl and eddy as they scurried over the mountain pass to spread out in a more orderly formation over the valley.

Rain pelted with ever increasing violence.

Brent turned his car into the driveway, switched off the ignition and the headlights.

He reconnoitered before ringing the bell. Lights showed from a window in the study. The shade had been drawn, but there was an inch at the bottom through which sufficient light filtered to illuminate the driving rain-drops.

Dick squashed his way through the soft earth to peer in at that window. He had trusted Alter once, to his sorrow. He didn't intend to walk blindly into the lawyer's clutches again.

Through the slit between the curtain and the base of the window, he saw the paunchy criminal attorney seated in a huge, overstuffed chair, his short, stubby legs thrust out in front of him, the feet resting on an ottoman. A cigar was held between the first and second fingers of his right hand. He was talking, and gesturing with that hand as he talked.

BRENT could not hear the words, but, from the man's gestures, he could reconstruct the suave stream of ready eloquence which was purring from the lips of the professional spell-binder.

Brent shifted his position to see the person with whom Alter was talking.

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She was a vivid personality, red hair, sparkling blue eyes, slender, tapering, well-kept hands, a neat form, and ankles generously displayed beneath the hem of a well-tailored outfit.

Brent recognized her from having seen her photograph in the society rotogravure sections of various Sunday newspapers.

She was Merla Smith.

Studying her face, Brent decided she was listening but that she was far from being convinced. Her face had an expression of aloof amusement, a cynical lack of belief which indicated the lawyer's words were not carrying conviction, but that she found his attempt amusing.

Brent left the window, pushed his way through the wind-driven sheets of rain, until he found the steps leading to the porch which opened from the lawyer's study. He pounced his feet, stamping the mud from them, giving sufficient warning of his approach so that the attorney could set the stage in his study.

Dick had rung the bell for the fourth time when he heard the sound of steps behind the door. A bolt clicked, a chain rattled. The door opened a cautious two inches, held in place by a heavy chain.

Dick Brent stared silently into the wide eyes of the lawyer.

"Why, hello, Dick," Alter said with quick and effusive cordiality. "What brings you out here?"

Brent said nothing.

Despite the cordiality of the lawyer's voice he hesitated for several seconds before his fumbling fingers dropped the safety chain from its catch and opened the door.

"Come in," he said. "Come in and have a hot toddy. It's a wild night. The servants are out. I'm here alone. I was working on a brief, but it can wait."

Dick slipped out of his raincoat as he entered the study.

"Where do you want this?" he asked. "It's dripping wet."

Alter took it, said, "I'll hang it in the downstairs bathroom for a moment. Wait just a second."

He was gone almost two minutes. When he returned his manner was nervous.

"Well," he said, "how about a hot toddy? The servants are out, but I can make you one easily."

"NO thanks."

"But you're all wet."

"Just my legs and shoes."

Alter indicated a gas register.

"There's hot air coming through that. Stand in front of it and it will dry you out in no time."

Brent remained seated, his legs crossed.

"It's nothing," he said.

"You might catch cold that would develop into pneumonia. You can't be too careful of wet feet. You . . ."

"Forget it," Brent said, shortly, seating himself in the chair which Merla Smith had occupied.

The lawyer fidgeted uneasily. "What the devil's the matter with you, Dick? Perhaps you're sore because I overlooked the formality when I first called you earlier this evening."

He took a wallet from his pocket, thumbed through a sheaf of bills and said in his most conciliatory tone, "Perhaps a thousand dollars now and then more. . ."

Dick extended his hand, took the money and said, "This chair feels warm."

For a moment Frank Alter became rigidly motionless. Then he smiled and said, "It

should. I was dozing in it when I heard the bell. The bell wakened me. Hope you didn't have to ring more than once."

Dick took the greenbacks, folded them, shoved them into his trouser pocket.

"I was in Copeland's office," he said, "and someone tipped off the cops."

"Oh, no," Alter declared, "you're mistaken on that, Dick. That couldn't have happened. They probably found the body in the alley and decided to take a look at the office on general principles. It couldn't have been a tipoff."

Brent dismissed the lie with a shrug of his shoulders. "Let's talk facts," he said. "How long have you been representing Vilma Fenton?"

By an effort the lawyer controlled his face. His eyes widened.

"Vilma Fenton? Why she's a motion picture actress."

"Of course she's an actress, and you're representing her. You tried to pass her off as



George Burns and Gracie Allen try hard to erase the look of anguish from the face of Gracie's pet canine. If these two can't succeed, it's a safe guess no one else can

Mary Smith, but I recognized her voice, despite the fact that she tried to muffle it under a handkerchief."

"Perhaps you've made a mistake," Alter said in a voice which carried no conviction whatever.

"No mistake," Brent assured him. "I've just been talking with Vilma Fenton. I recognized her voice there in your office."

"You talked with her?"

"Yes."

"But she's my client. You had no right to go directly to her. You . . ."

"If you'd played square with me," Brent said, "I'd have played square with you. You started double-crossing me. Now you can take what I'm dishing out. I'm the one that's doing the dishing now. You're the one that's taking it. Do you get that straight?"

"Now, Dick, don't fly off the handle," Alter pleaded. "I got you the business, you know, and . . ."

"You got me the business," Dick said, "because you needed me, not because of any particular sentiment, and remember this, I'm working for Vilma Fenton. She's my client. She's also your client. If you choose to cut corners with her, that's a matter between you and her. As far as I'm concerned,

I'm representing her and I'm going to do whatever is for her best interests. Now then, what's your game?"

"Why, what do you mean, Dick?"

"You know what I mean. When I first came to your office, you said, 'We're in a jam,' or words to that effect, as you lawyers like to express it. Now then, who was the 'we'?"

"Why, Dick, I told you what I meant by that. I was, of course, identifying myself with my client. I was using, so to speak, an editorial plural."

"Baloney!" Dick Brent said. "You were in the jam just as much as she was. Why should you be mixed up in Dr. Copeland's murder?"

Alter got to his feet, trying to be jovial, but his smile was sickly.

"Come, come, Dick," he said, "you're all worked up. I'm going to get a hot toddy, whiskey, nutmeg, sugar and water." He smacked his lips. "That'll start the blood circulating, eliminate the danger of those wet feet, and we can talk to better advantage."

He didn't wait for Dick to answer, but pushed his way from the room.

[LEFT alone, Dick heard the wind whistling around the house with redoubled fury. Listening to it, he closed his eyes and thought how much it resembled human screams.

He was tired. He'd been working under a strain. After all, his feet were wet and cold, and . . .

He suddenly sat bolt-upright in his chair, his eyes wide open.

"Had that been a scream?"

He listened. The wind, sucking at the corners of the house, almost duplicated the noise he had heard—almost but not quite.

Dick waited several eventless seconds, then once more dropped back against the cushions. He stretched, yawned, then bit his yawn abruptly in two. His arms dropped to his sides.

He jumped to his feet, moved two quick steps so that his back was to the wall and stood listening.

There could be no doubt of it. This time it had been a scream.

Brent waited a tense five seconds, then crossed the study, opened the door to the corridor, listened and could hear nothing save the howling of the wind. Then, over and above the noise of the storm, he heard the quick patter of running feet. A door slammed. A slender figure came into view at the corner of the corridor, ran toward him.

The upper part of her tailored suit had been torn. A silk blouse was ripped down the front, showing a pink, lace-trimmed slip. Her hair was tousled as though she had been engaged in a losing struggle with the wind.

It was her eyes that fascinated Brent.

The eyes were wide, startled, horrified, staring ahead of her with a fixity of terror which made her seem to be hypnotized by stark fear.

A few moments before, Brent had seen her calmly self-possessed, very much aloof, and mildly amused.

Now, Merla Smith, daughter of a multimillionaire, well-known figure in the younger social set, was running toward him with outstretched arms, a chalky-white face and terror-stricken eyes.

As Dick stepped into the corridor, she looked back over her shoulder and screamed again.

[Next month—an astounding development in this fascinating mystery serial of Hollywood life]

The Fretting Frog

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

self-confident and competent young woman of the world.

One day on the set when we were shooting the picture "She Married Her Boss," Claudette said to me:

"You know, Greg, in many respects 'nice girls' have greater obstacles to overcome in achieving something outstanding in life than their so-called less fortunate sisters.

"They have so many things to live up to. They can't do this and they can't do that. It simply isn't done.

"I'll never forget the heart-breaking days when I trudged from booking agencies to managers' offices in New York looking for a job, a chance to go on the stage. I had been reared and educated in the French way, sheltered and protected from life. I was so shy, I was tongue-tied when a hard-boiled guy would glare at me and growl: 'Well, what can you do?'

"How I envied the girls who could exchange wise-cracks. They could do anything, or so they firmly believed. And they got the jobs. That I ever got an opportunity was purely accidental.

"It has taken me years to break down my natural reserve. But look out for me now. I'm goin' to town!"

I'm sure she is. For one thing, Claudette is one of those rare introspective individuals who can laugh at herself. She has a swell sense of humor.

WHAT broke the ice with us first was when I discovered that sense of humor. Claudette has one weakness which she frankly admits. She frets about herself. Her picture rôles, health, weight, contracts, world affairs, what other people think. In fact, everything I can think of. She even frets over her friends' fretting.

When I first hung the sign of "The Fretting Frog" on the back of her set chair, the studio workers expected a blow-up.

We got it all right, but not what was expected. Claudette howled with laughter. She loved it.

Next day I found a sign on the back of my chair. It read: "Dr. Lucius La Cava. Dangerous Ward."

Claudette's humorous tribute to my weakness for the study of psychiatry.

When we were making "Private Worlds," I had the surprise of my life psycho-analyzing Claudette. (Incidentally this test is a remarkable aid to a director. To really understand and sympathize with a player's emotions should enable the director to capture and guide her expressions properly.)

Subject to her "nice-girl" beginnings, Claudette would ordinarily be guessed very much of an introvert. To my amazement I discovered that she is as much extrovert as introvert. For the uninitiated in psycho-analysis, an extrovert is a person who thinks, feels and lives objectively. To the contrary, an introvert is one who thinks, feels and lives within one's self, subjectively. Her score in the psycho-analysis test stood 28 introvert and 27 extrovert.

All life is balance. An individual who can strike so delicate a balance may derive the utmost from life.

We scored the test in this manner: Answers, Not at all—0, A Little—1, Much—2, and Very Much—3.

"I chose the girl with *Naturally Rosy Lips*," said **CHARLES FARRELL**



UNTOUCHED: Lips without any lipstick often look faded



PAINTED: Lips colored with paint look unnatural

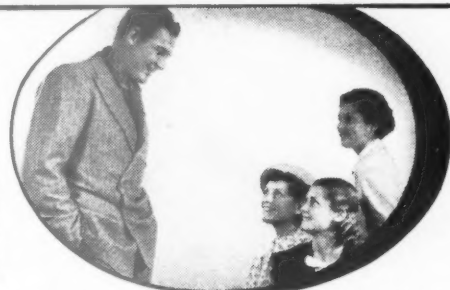


TANGEE: Intensifies the natural rose of your lips

Film star picks girl with Tangee Lips in Hollywood test

● Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One had no lipstick on; one wore her usual lipstick; and the third used Tangee. "Which lips do you prefer, Mr. Farrell?" "The naturally rosy lips of *this* girl," he said, selecting the girl wearing Tangee Lipstick.

And millions of other men prefer natural lips too. That's why so many women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee's magic color change principle brings out your own natural color... makes your lips rosy and kissable... more appealing to men. It *can't* give you "that painted look", because it isn't paint. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.



● Charles Farrell picks the Tangee girl in this lipstick test. Picture snapped between scenes of "Forbidden Heaven", a Republic Pictures Corporation release.

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Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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Here is Claudette's chart.

Compare the questions and score and then you might try it yourself.

INTROVERT

Do you feel as though you were set aside from most people because of their apparent inability to understand you?

Are you self-conscious and why in private life?

Do you hate to make a show of yourself? Do you indulge in day-dreams?

When offended do you draw within yourself and sulk?

Are you self-centered, interested mostly in what happens to you and those dear to you?

Are you a poor mixer, unable to become friendly with strangers at once?

Are you moody, and do your moods influence your emotions?

Do you like to be alone most of the time?

Do you dislike being affectionate?

Have you heard anyone declare you had depth of mind?

Are you jealous?

Are you idealistic?

Do you become tense under stress or excitement?

Have you a feeling of inferiority?

Is it hard for you to ask for a job or make a deal?

TOTAL

EXTROVERT

Do you forget yourself when you work, talk or play?

Is it easy for you to order people around?

Is life a game to you to be played?

Do you live to dress, look snappy, etc.?

Are you practical?

Do you get over a quarrel or disappointment quickly?

Do you like people, enjoy having them around you much?

Are you naturally active, and do you like doing things?

Are you naturally loving and affectionate?

Do you take up fads?

Are you realistic and have you much common sense?

Are you easy going as a rule?

Can you change your manner of living without being disturbed?

Are you a go-getter by nature?

Are your feet solidly on the earth?

TOTAL

On the introvert side I was not surprised to find that Claudette feels that people do not understand her. The psychological answer to that feeling may be found in her extrovert answer that she likes people, as a group, only a little.

Nor was I surprised to find that she has an inferiority complex, is self-centered, a poor mixer or that she is idealistic.

But, I was surprised to find that she is not very shy or self-conscious, does not sulk at all, is not moody and does not dislike being affectionate.

On the extrovert side, I was not surprised to learn that Claudette is practical, realistic, active, feet solidly on the ground, but not a go-getter by nature.

I was surprised to discover that she completely forgets herself when at work or play, gets over a quarrel or disappointment easily, is easy-going, and naturally loving and affectionate.

Claudette may not have been all these things yesterday, but this chart reveals the Claudette Colbert of today.

She is rapidly becoming one of the finest actresses we have on the screen. She has made a big leap to the top in public popularity.

Now I'm doing the fretting because I may have to change her nickname!

Why Clark Gable Stayed at the Top

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

humor. Or the superior person who is his wife, Rhea Gable.

But none of that is more than an accessory to what the situation has demanded—character.

It isn't what started Clark Gable off that counts so much as what has stuck with him through these five years to—that sort of stuff you find in champions—what brought Dempsey back in the ring with Firpo, what grimly stalled off match point for Helen Wills Moody.

I think it took Clark quite a spell to shake off the punches of his past and realize just what was holding up his right arm in the Hollywood ring.

I know he once remarked quizzically that the first time he really felt that success had come to him was on one Christmas morning a couple of years ago.

For his two stepchildren, whom he adores, he had bought a couple of new Fords.

When he gazed out the window that morning and saw the cars standing there in the driveway, bright, new and shiny, he was impressed by what all the mash notes, praiseworthy articles and hurrah of his new status had failed to drive home.

The fact that he was able to do that much for people he loved made him feel that after all perhaps he really did amount to something!

It's no use to paint any right guy such as Clark Gable with any golden gilt of human infallibility just to get across the fact that he does have a character reserve that has brought him through in the pinches.

He's been in the pinches because he is human.

But he has always come through.

There was a time when something separated him from his wife, briefly. But he had sense enough and character enough to whip that and go back to her.

There was a time when rumors seeped through Hollywood that he was looking with more than casual interest at a certain glamor-

ous actress. But truth or untruth, whichever it was, he handled it gracefully and proceeded unscathed.

In fact, the only instance on record when Clark Gable ever sallied forth publicly with a woman other than his wife occurred at the late lamented Agua Caliente.

He was making "Hell Divers" on location in San Diego, across the border from the Mexican Monte Carlo. To soothe his fevered brow a work-weary, wedded executive, nameless here, had recruited a very fetching looking blonde. They were to relax one evening at the Caliente gaming tables.

Clark got wind of the philandering, literally stole the girl, motored her to Mexico. There the surprised and frantic blonde-less exec discovered his escaped dove on the arm of the dark menace, Gable. After the exec had suffered enough, Clark gallantly returned the forbidden beauty to him!

There was a time about a year ago when a greater danger than romantic rumors of marital ripples menaced Gable's career.

THINK at that time Clark would have sold out his career for thirty cents and a promise of peace.

You might have heard he was "slipping." When any star doesn't knock 'em cold, you'll hear he's slipping. It was that period before "It Happened One Night."

His first screen "wind" was about gone. He was tired. He had been fed to weak and wicked women on the screen one after the other. He was physically as sick as a cat. You'll remember how thin and tired he looked. The vigor wasn't there. It wasn't there to give. Probably you don't realize just what that force which makes Clark Gable on the screen costs him in energy. It is a definite element. If it isn't there, it doesn't show.

He went on the operating table, ostensibly for an appendicitis operation. They found

intestinal complications and made it a major slash. Snipped out some extra yardage. Since then on he hasn't been able to ride a horse. That's why, incidentally, Clark turned his love for horseflesh to racing nags (viz.: "Beverly Hills" the much publicized bangtail of last year who certainly was no threat to Omaha).

It took a long time to get over that blow to health, to regain confidence and ambition and morale.

BUT Gable has managed it, because he has the stuff.

It is a strange jest of fate that finds Clark Gable coming into his own at the very time when he expected to be washed up.

The same idea—that it really can't last—persists in his subconscious mind, even now. Not long ago he hinted that five more years was his limit. No one but himself believes it.

And I think the recognition by himself, as he stands today, stronger, more solid, more entrenched as a popular idol than ever before, rather appals him, rather awes him.

At any rate, Clark Gable has changed, since that illness. He's more sober and serious—more responsible. Graduated from the sensation class, he's a postgraduate actor.

Last Spring he set out from the studio one rainy afternoon for a radio broadcast. He drove his inconspicuous Ford roadster, but that didn't disguise him. Halfway there a big sedan filled with women spotted him. They shouted and gave chase.

They passed him, ran him into the curb. He backed, twisted, ran up alleys and side-streets, hid in garages. It was a definitely dangerous chase over slippery streets. Its excuse—nothing, except the rabid, unthinking, practically persecuting curiosity of a bunch of dumb females.

"Why don't you call a traffic cop and shake them?" wondered the friend who rode with

him. "They'll wreck your car before we know it."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Clark, skidding out of the way. "How can you complain because somebody chases after you?" he grinned. "That's my public."

He adores New York, but he's scared to death to go there. They mob him. When he flew to Dallas, Texas, only recently for the marriage of his stepdaughter, the pilot swooped over a large crowd at the landing field. Clark spotted them.

"Shall I go on?" asked the pilot. "There's another field farther on."

"No," said Clark, "we'll make it."

They did, after a mobbing that was soul-twisting torture to Clark Gable every minute.

Then (can you tie it!) he read in one paper where Clark Gable had "hired a crowd to meet him!"

Clark Gable, unfortunately for him, but fortunately, I think, for his career, is about the farthest thing from a crowd lover as you might imagine, except possibly Garbo or a Southern darkey about to be lynched.

There are very few people in Hollywood who really know him today. He gets around, yes, but the Gables aren't the entertaining, social kind. He has maintained a rugged love for hunting, fishing and the outdoors which is no phony "man's man" pose. As a matter of fact, such things are the very essence of his play days.

THERE are rough mountaineers in Wyoming who have no idea that that city feller from Los Angeles who packs in with them is a celebrated movie star—and wouldn't care much if they did. To them, he is just a good shot or a smart guy with a rod and reel.

There was a boy who asked for a ride and got it once when Clark was invading the Kaibab Forest in search of mountain lions.

As Clark climbed into the car, he said: "Y'know, mister, you look like Clark Gable, the movie star."

"Funny, isn't it?" said Clark. "I am Clark Gable."

The boy brightened.

"That's a swell idea," he said. "I'll pretend I'm Jackie Cooper."

This part of Clark Gable, the rugged, simple, direct, close-to-realities part which shows in every screen print of his personality is his personality, is what makes him great, an idol, and an artist whether or not he will ever be selected as an actor of any great shakes.

It is bone, sinew and fibre of him, and it will never change.

But my brief is that this is also the stuff behind the character which has brought about another change: The metamorphosis of Clark Gable from a strict sensation into a mature, rounded, confident screen star.

But Lionel Barrymore, who got our hero that first screen test at M-G-M, and who knows actors and particularly Clark a whole lot better than I do, snorts, as only Lionel Barrymore can snort.

"Change? The only change in Clark Gable is his weight. He's ten pounds too fat."

WHAT PICTURE HAS WON PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR?

The announcement will be made in the
December issue, out November 5.



Marilyn

a real pretty sports shoe
in black or brown calf.



Letty

Brown or black calf, for both
active and spectator sports.

Busy Women

GO PLACES
COMFORTABLY
IN ENNA JETTICKS

Busy Mary Boland, famous for her comedy roles, says, "You can't be funny if your feet hurt, so I must have comfortable shoes. But I want people to laugh at what I say—not at the way I dress. So I'm just as fussy about the smartness of my shoes."

Smartness and comfort aren't an easy combination to find. But you always find it in Enna Jetticks.

MARY BOLAND appearing in the Paramount Picture "The Big Broadcast of 1936."



Enna Jetticks

SIZES 1-12

WIDTHS AAAAA-EEE

\$ 5
AND
\$ 6

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

AMERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES GO PLACES COMFORTABLY

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Where the advantages of permanent residence are available by the day, week, month or year.

Correctly designed and finely appointed suites of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry, available by the day, week or longer. Also Tower Suites of 5 Master Rooms and 4 Baths, occupying an entire floor.



The Sherry-Netherland

Facing the Park
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH
NEW YORK

Song Hits Make Stars and Stars Make Song Hits

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

music — the song hits? Answer — Messrs. Dubin and Warren. Bet you didn't send them any fan mail.

The star-makers who may take bows practically exclusively are Messrs. Sam Coslow and Arthur Johnston, Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin, Mack Gordon and Harry Revell, Herb Nacio Brown and Arthur Freed and Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart.

You could tabulate Bing Crosby's career through "Please," "Learn to Croon," "Thanks," and many others.

You could tabulate Dick Powell's career just as simply through such numbers as "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?", "Keep Young and Beautiful," "I Only Have Eyes For You," and several and so forth. Or Al Jolson's clear from "Sonny Boy." Or Carl Brisson's from "Cocktails For Two" to "A Little White Gardenia."

MUSIC is a large lump of gold in Hollywood's treasure house. Hit songs make hit pictures. Hit songsters build up followings, box-office. Ever since "42nd Street," the screen has guarded its music carefully. Like strychnine, the right amount administered wisely is what the doctor ordered. Too much, wantonly prescribed, can be fatal.

Before "42nd Street" the problem of a screen tunesmith was comparatively simple. He had to say "I Love You" in a little different way than it had been said before. That was about all.

Today, song writing is a high order of craftsmanship. The idea is still to say "I Love You" in a new way, but to say it with proper regard for (1) script situation, (2) mood in scenes, (3) personality and vocal equipment of the singer and, (4) period. And that "period" means historical period—not the end of a sentence. There are a hundred other little things to help send a Hollywood song writer to the asylum before he completes a satisfactory set of songs.

Consider the problem facing Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger (the "Love In Bloom" lads) who had the script of "Rose of the Rancho," one of Paramount's most ambitious musicals of the year, dumped in their capable laps.

The setting was California in 1852—when it was still mostly Spanish, but with a respectable American pioneer-miner influence.

The star was not a crooner, or a torchsinger, but Gladys Swarthout, a Metropolitan opera star—with John Boles singing opposite.

The problem was to have Mr. Boles and Miss Swarthout say "I Love You" musically, naturally, most effectively in keeping with their voices and personalities and yet entertainingly to a present day audience.

On top of this little order, the songs must blend into the dialogue to carry on the continuity.

The achievement of all of these things. Also, Gladys Swarthout is a new screen star. Failure in one of the above details—and she would be a fizzle. Just a little thought which Messrs. Robin and Rainger carried to bed with them each night to make them sleep well while they struggled to meet a musical deadline—a deadline which is even more exacting and important than a newspaper zero hour. Because to ignore it costs big money.

Harry Warren found himself right at the

deadline once on a Dolores Del Rio picture. They were ready to shoot. Delay would have cost thousands of dollars. He walked on the set in despair.

"Have you got your tango?" said the director.

"Yes," said Warren, *con bravado*, without a note in his head. He sat down at the piano and played a tango—the tango. He can't tell you to this day how he did it.

Hollywood song teams will turn out forty or fifty hit songs apiece a year. They will turn them out somehow. Because they *must* be turned out—and on time. Some they will write in fifteen minutes. Others will take days. Gordon and Revell's "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" was knocked out completely, as you have hummed it, words and music, in that unbelievable quarter of an hour.

Ralph Rainger had been humming the music to "Love In Bloom" for months before he finally brought it down to the office with him one morning. Rainger works in the morning, Robin at midnight. They never work together until one of them has something he wants the other to hear.

Robin heard the music—"Can it be the breeze," he murmured, "that fills the trees—ta-dum ta dum-dum perfume—H-m-m-m it's love in bloom."

The song was written that morning. Then just to show you how not even a songwriter can tell what's good or what's bad, they decided to throw it out, because it sounded "too effeminate." Fortunately someone heard it first and said "hold everything!" Aren't you glad?

Certainly Bing Crosby must be. It was his outstanding song of last year. But Bing is one star who draws gratitude from ditty designers as well as dishing it out. Practically any song that Bing Crosby sings is a sure-fire hit. If it fits him, he will make the world sing it. And the main rule for fitting a song to Bing—Sam Coslow, Gordon and Revell, and Robin and Rainger will tell you—is to feed him "curves"—songs with a up-and-down-hill-and-dale quality—Boo-boo-boo-b-oo-booo—you know.

Bing is able to "phrase a song" and help it. He is one song-made star who in turn makes stars of his songs.

On the other hand, the flop of Lanny Ross as a screen star was due directly to his songs—paradoxical as that must sound, because Lanny had a golden voice, a great radio name, and good looks. But when he knew that the world was looking at him he tried to act and dramatize his songs. His acting got by—but not his songs—and that killed him. Dick Powell for a brief instant bordered on the same pitfall when he took opera lessons and began to operate his tunes. Fortunately he listened to good advice and snapped out of it.

THE actions of a star-song, however, aren't as easy to control as those of a song-star.

Every song writer finishes a score with a prayer that it will be a hit. But the verdict is up to you and you and you. And no jury was ever more hard to fix.

It's important too, because practically every song written for pictures is published later in sheet music form. At Paramount, two music publishing firms operate right in the music

department of the studio, the Famous and the Crawford Music Companies. They handle the output of Gordon and Revell, Robin and Rainger, and Sam Coslow, the one lone wolf song "team" in town.

This adds an extra but withal delightful headache to the movie music-makers. They must write their picture songs with an eye to the popular sheet music sales. The radio has cut the possibilities 'way down, of course. Even a smash hit will hardly sell 500,000 copies today, where it used to reach past the million mark. But, of course, a surprising sun of coconuts can be realized from the royalties of even a half million sales at thirty cents a copy.

No writer yet has been able to accurately predict a hit or a flop. In fact, a certain publishing firm in New York will pay anyone \$25,000 a year just to predict hits and fizzles accurately month in and month out. But no one has ever held the job.

Sam Coslow wrote a song called "Three Little Piggies Went to Market." He wrote it as a gag. It became a hit. He sweated and tore his soul over a number called, "Fare-Thee-Well." It died.

One of the strangest phenomena about star-songs is the fact that in order to really enjoy and thrill to a melody, you must hear it several times and become familiar with it. "Love In Bloom" might have left you cold the first time you heard it—but after the tenth time you were probably holding her a little more tightly when the orchestra hit it up.

PERHAPS you've wondered why you hear the hit songs of a forthcoming movie over the radio weeks before you get a chance to see the picture.

Songs have to be "broken in." Usually the studio releases them to the broadcasting stations four to six weeks before the picture hits the theaters. But even by the time you begin to hear them, the harassed and hard working jingle twisters are tearing their hair chasing an inspiration for the score of the next picture assignment.

Mack Gordon and Harry Revell will hop on a train, or a boat, or a plane and go somewhere—anywhere. They have to have a change of scenery to dish up a new mess of tunes. Gordon literally picks 'em out of the air, or right off the street.

One day he and Revell were standing on a busy street corner. A beauteous damsel swished by. They approved.

"What a dream!" said Revell.

"A dream walking," agreed Gordon, "Migosh—where's my pencil? 'Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?'"

Another night they walked into a dance. A little girl stopped Mack and asked for his autograph. Smiling, he wrote, "Stay As Sweet As You Are—Mack Gordon." Inside he met a girl named Cook.

"Why don't you write a song about me?" she bantered.

"Well—'Cook' isn't a very lyric name," spurred Gordon. "What else do they call you?"

"Cookie," she said.

That night two song hits were written—"Stay As Sweet As You Are" and "Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie!"

Larry Rodgers, of Rodgers and Hart, standing on a curb in Paris saw two taxis crash. Gendarmes hauled a frightened girl out of the wreckage. "Whew," she cried, "my heart stood still!"

Remember it?

Of course the classic song inspiration story of Hollywood concerns one Lou Alter who writes songs for Warner pictures. Alter was camping out on the desert near Palm Springs last Winter. In the middle of the night a full moon made the sands as light as day. He couldn't sleep. So he wrote "Moon Crazy."

A few hours later one of those sudden desert storms blew up. Rain pelted down on the back-to-nature insomniac. It ruined his rest, but it was a golden shower, for Alter wrote a song, "I Was Taken by Storm!"

Freak inspirations, however, can't compare with the hair twisting, brain racking, perspiring hours of creation passed by the clan of big B flat and G sharp men in the constant scurry to make new stars out of songs and keep old stars with new songs.

Trying to say "I Love You" in a new way forty or fifty times a year isn't such a set-up as it might seem.

"Everything's Been Done Before" is more than just a song. And transgressions are pardonable in the song racket.

Some years ago the same Al Dubin, of whom we have here sung, wrote a song called "A Fool There Was."

He was in New York at the time. Walking along the street, he met a friend of his just in from Chicago.

"Say, Al," said the friend, "I'm glad I met you. I was going to call you up to tell you about the guy who's stealing your song back in Chicago."

"Stealing my song?" said Dubin. "How?"

"Why," said the informer, "he's printing the words to your song on little cards and selling them all around the town."

"We haven't caught up with him yet—but believe me when we do, we'll put him where he belongs."

Dubin was interested.

"Who is this guy?" he wanted to know.

"What's his name?"

"Wait," said the other. "I've got one right here." He produced a card. "Look," he said, "right there at the bottom—'Rudyard Kipling.' Ever hear of the guy?"

A Present for Mother

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

set and into their hearts with her genuine goodness and her genuine greatness.

Mary Gordon, who has been making pictures in Hollywood for fifteen years, playing extra parts and bits, hasn't any real name in Hollywood or anywhere else. But, of course, if you will listen for one minute to any one of Messrs. Bacon, Cagney, O'Brien or McHugh, you'll realize that all of that is due to be changed very soon now.

She is, they will tell you (and you'll remain told), capable of the most sincere and deeply moving emotional scenes of any actress in Hollywood. She is, they will assure you, the real star of their little picture, "The Irish In Us," and she will be, they predict vigorously, with half a chance, a grand old lady of the screen who will wring hearts in the manner of the late Marie Dressler or May Robson.

All because Mary Gordon has proved again that the greatest single word in the English language is "Mother."

And all because Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh have proved again that every man—and especially every Irishman—is forever just somebody's little boy.

"You could be the real mother of those three boys," was the first thing Lloyd Bacon said to Mary Gordon. For weeks he had been searching for someone who could be the mother of those three boys. The little picture he was about to direct was no epic. It was a simple little thing, short on story, dependent on feeling. It was a human story about a mother and her sons.

He knew it must be acted with something extra—with something from within—or else the whole picture would fail.

Bacon had tested seventeen prominent, established character actresses for the part, including Marjorie Rambeau, Beryl Mercer and Helen Lowell before this plump little lady informed him in a thick Scotch burr that she was the Mary Gordon who had sent him the note with the still pictures.

She had had a hard time getting in to see

about this job of mothering the Irish. They wouldn't let her in the studio gates, of course, without a ticket from Central Casting—because you can be in Hollywood for fifteen years, you know, and still be just an extra woman. So she had sent a note and some old photographs—one with Charlie Murray—and Bacon thought they told him something. He called up the casting office.

"Can you get a woman named Mary Gordon out here?"

"Mary Gordon?" they said. "Why, you don't want Mary Gordon, Mr. Bacon. She's just an old extra woman—Scotch. Been sitting around the sets for years. She'd never do for any sort of a part."

"Get her for me anyway," said Bacon.

WHEN he saw her standing there with her anxious eyes that mirrored sadness, with her hands that showed the marks of toil, with the indefinite aura of nobility which shines from the soul of a good woman, this director knew she was anybody's mother—everybody's mother.

He told her the story of the picture and she cried as he told it.

"You're a mother of sons?" he asked.

"No sons," she said, "only ma daughter, Molly."

He asked for her story and she told him. Maybe he didn't cry, but there was a lump in his throat.

"Don't you want to take a test?" said the supervisor.

"It's not necessary," said Bacon. "Here, Mary, take this script."

That is how Mary Gordon, after fifteen years of struggling to wring a meager living out of Hollywood, to raise and educate her daughter, came to the gates of her Promised Land.

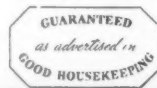
She came on the set the first day nervous, naturally, and flustered. It all meant so much to her. Fifteen years' experience with stars had taught her what to expect—no mercy, no patience, no help, no tolerance, no attention to one of her caste—an extra woman.

Beauty

NEED NOT BE COSTLY

PUREST SILVER SHIELDS ITS LOVELINESS

What a joy to possess... and how easy to buy... this exquisite Silverware... graced with its Sterling-like designs... fortified with its extra Silver overlay... and reflecting the spirit of Today! It costs so little—yet even greater savings are possible. Ask your dealer for details.



The JUNE Design



26-piece Service for Six Persons

\$10.00

TUDOR PLATE

Oncida Community

Three stars stood beside her. They would be quick and capable, efficient and at ease. They would be superior, jealous of their rights.

Her first lines were hard. She stumbled.

"I'm sorry," she heard a red headed boy say quickly to the director, "I muffed that. My fault. Let's try it again."

She faltered again. A take was such an important thing for an extra woman to spoil.

"What's the matter with me?" said a curly headed map of Ireland. "I read the wrong line."

Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh didn't consciously take Mary Gordon under their wings. It was instinctive. There wasn't a word spoken between them about the conspiracy which developed at once and grew day by day until every one of those three Irish mugs was fighting to outdo the other in creating a starring part for Mary Gordon.

"Look," Jimmy would say, "what you did then—that reminds me of my mother. She

up every trick of their experiences to hand her the picture.

And when five additional scenes had been written for Mary Gordon in the picture, when she realized what had happened, when they told her she would be famous and showed her the power of her tears on the screen, she paid her debt in full when she said:

"Ye might be my own sons. Sure—I couldn't have done it if I hadn't seen the tears in *your* eyes."

OF course, Mary Gordon hasn't any real sons. She's all alone in Hollywood except for Molly, whom she brought over from the old country as a wee bairn fifteen years ago.

They settled near the old Robertson-Cole studio—it was that long ago—where the RKO-Radio lot stands today. Hollywood then was as Hollywood is today—lavish with the few it honored, cruel to the many it spurned.



No, they're not giving motor boating trophies away. They all belong to Gene Richee, Paramount's famous portrait photographer, but he will probably have some difficulty getting back the one Carole Lombard's holding. Even Fred MacMurray is unable to induce her to part with it

used to say to me, 'Jimmy, you're so thin. You'll have to drink a glass of muddy water so I can see you'—can't we work that in for Mary?"

"I had an Irish aunt," Frank McHugh would remember, "when she got annoyed she used to give a little sniff—like this. Try it, Mary."

"Here," would offer Pat O'Brien, "why don't you get your face into the camera more, honey. Nobody wants to look at my mugg all the time. Give me your arm—now, turn around—like that."

And Mary would dab at her eyes and say in her Scotch burr, which Frank McHugh had patiently tutored into an Irish brogue, "Ah—bhoys, ye're so g-r-r-and to me. I can't understand it. Actor people just aren't that way."

But what Mary Gordon didn't realize was that those boys saw in her the image of their own mothers. Then they weren't actor people—they were just boys, her boys. She didn't know that they were having the time of their lives babying her and helping her and conjuring

Mary saw an ad in the paper. She was looking for work. "Wtd." it ran, "short time waitress in the Robertson-Cole studio lunchroom." She got the job. Five dollars a week and free lunches. She got a chance to cook and wait tables too for fourteen dollars, so she doubled up, because she was used to hard work. Hadn't she run a boarding house in the old country during the war? Hadn't she shined thirty-five pairs of boots each morn before breakfast?

Soon Mary was boss of the lunchroom. There she saw the great actors. She saw them troup in at noon and separate themselves haughtily from the lowly extras. That's why she expected to be treated as she was when the studio changed hands and she started gleaning a living from five and sometimes seven-and-a-half dollar extra checks.

But Molly was growing up. She wanted to go on with her schooling, so Mary Gordon played scrubwomen—usually always scrubwomen, and landladies and cooks and old

crones, thankful for the all-too-infrequent calls which grew fewer unto the vanishing point when the depression came and business was bad.

The rent was the big thing. They could eat and manage to live with the occasional checks from the studios, with what Mary could make on nursing jobs and what Molly picked up every now and then for extra work. But the rent. There was a chance to move up over the garage behind a fine Hollywood home—rent free. It meant hard work, but that was to be expected from life.

For two and a half years Mary Gordon did all the work of that great house, cared for the garden and even polished the big car in the garage below. There was an agreement that when a studio call came she could drop her work and go. But calls didn't come very often.

Molly finished high school and won a scholarship of three hundred dollars. She wanted to go on to college. Then one day she came home to Mary with a pain in her side and her young cheeks were pale. The doctor said! "Appendicitis," and the hospital took the three hundred dollars.

BUT Molly went to college. Mary Gordon saw to that. She worked. She did anything to make an honest dollar. In her creed that's what a mother should do.

Not long ago when things were very bad, Mary went down to the Assistance League in Hollywood to see Mrs. John Ford, the wife of the director, who had always managed to find an extra spot somewhere in his pictures for Mary.

"I need some work, Mrs. Ford," said Mary. Her blue eyes were serious. "I'll do anything to make an honest dollar."

"God bless you, Mary," said Mrs. Ford, "we'll find something."

She did, and Mary went to work in the home of a Hollywood actor, preparing meals—until things picked up again.

That is the story that Lloyd Bacon learned—the valiant story of Mary Gordon, the little extra woman whose goodness and motherliness shone from her face like the light from a saint. He drew it from her the day he first interviewed her for the part that was so hard to fill in "The Irish In Us." He knew that a mother of that steel was the mother for the three boys in his picture. He knew it the minute he met her.

And so did the three boys.

This year Molly graduates with honors from college, and this same year Mary graduates with honors from the college of work and worry—which is Hollywood, the one side of Hollywood you don't always hear about.

And that is a supremely satisfying ending to the bittersweet story of a Hollywood mother, who besides being a mother is as noble a Scott as the Gordons who fought at Bannockburn with Bruce.

And it's a promising commencement that her triumph in tears foretold that day on the set in the biggest scene of her picture which, in the autumn of her years, was also the biggest scene of her life.

Now there is a present for Mother.

Mary Gordon's courage and devotion have come back to her threefold. She will reap her reward this side of Heaven—right here in Hollywood, where she has earned it. She is a great actress, and the world will know it.

At least, that's what her three new Irish sons will tell you. If you think differently you'll have to reckon with Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh.

And that is a pretty large order.

What Matters Most In Life?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

wicker chairs on wheels came by. It was a crazy thing to do, but we squandered our last cent and rented those two chairs. And we sat in them, pompously, eating popcorn, pockets empty, while the darkies in their white coats pushed us through the crowds."

The corners of his mouth quirked at the memory. "The best part of it all was what the girl on the boardwalk said. The darkies have little whistles that they blow to make a path for the chairs; and this girl—she had red hair and was about seventeen, I remember—had to jump out of the way. She was pretty sore. She said: 'Oh—make way! Make way for the rich folks!'"

And there were other incidents, other simple pleasant things that made up living and happiness for Pat and his wife. There were long rides through the sharp clear nights of Manhattan, on the high top of a double-decker bus; from 86th and Fifth Avenue to Washington Square—a stroll through the Village—and then out Riverside Drive clear to 196th Street.

THERE was the period in Plainfield, New Jersey. "I was in a stock company there," Pat told me, "but I lived in Brooklyn and ferried across every night. They asked me why I didn't take an apartment near the theater and save the long trip back and forth." He twisted his cigar between his fingers. "But you see that ferry trip was part of my happiness. I couldn't tell them why—I couldn't tell them about standing among the parked cars in the bow and hearing the sounds of the boat, nor of watching New York come slowly nearer. . . ."

He could not talk of these things, then. He knew only that standing there, he could catch the black, cool smell of water; that standing there, he could see two cities—one upright and glowing and lit by a billion stars; one wavering and magical in the bay below. He could not give up these things.

And so with Hollywood, and wealth, and all the things he'd ever dreamed of, Pat has not been any happier than before. Luck has enhanced his appreciation and his scope, but if it changed again—he'd laugh once more in a shanty.

"There are still the basic things," he insisted, crushing his cigar in a tray. "My wife, my baby, my friends. What does it matter where we are, how we live? I had to learn to drive a car when I came to California and could finally afford one; I get a bang out of the Mayfair, because it's new to me—but I'd still rather buy a bag of popcorn and do the roller-coaster at Ocean Park.

"We're leaving for Panama in a few days, on my vacation. And we're going in a freighter. We'll be happier doing that, do you see?"

I understood then that Pat O'Brien has no scale of values. He doesn't need one, because all the important things in his life are merely sub-topics to the first Roman Numeral: Happiness.

GENE RAYMOND waved away the waiter, put his elbows on the table, and lifted his glass.

"Success, of course," he answered me. "What else is there?"

I smiled. "Suppose you define your term. Success is an elastic word, you know—stuck

full of meanings and implications. Just what do you mean by it?"

Gene stared at me a moment and then frowned. "I'd never thought of taking it apart before. The word to me means achievement—achievement of the task you want to accomplish. It doesn't matter very much what that is . . . But in the end you've got to have success with *yourself*. In addition to all the other things—fame, money, love—you've got to have an inner satisfaction; you must know that you've not gone back on any one of your ideals."

He sat quiet for a time, thinking. "In my case," he went on finally, "all this is tied up with the business of making pictures—with Hollywood. Any success I have must be in that field. But I'm beginning to realize that my definition of the word is generally outlawed here. There aren't many ideals connected with the movies—rather, you could almost put the Hollywood attitude in two words: So what?"

"What I mean," he explained, "is that, as a general rule, the producers don't actually set out to make a great picture. Most of them work on the theory that when a production turns out especially well it's an accident. So they get a story, choose a cast, make a budget, and shoot as fast as possible, knowing it will probably be just another feature.

"If, occasionally, the critics rave and the public hurrahs—then everyone sits back smugly and says, 'Luck is with us. Another hit!'"

GENE thumped his spoon on the table. "Well, they're wrong. Somewhere in back of every great picture there is one man with ideals, one man who set out in the beginning to make it a thing of genius. And that man—star, or director—is the one who has had the real success when the thing is found to be a masterpiece. There's no such thing as an accidental hit."

Gene Raymond holds this special brief, and you cannot make him deny it. In considering the lead for any production he must first read the script, and believe in its superiority, before he can give his answer. And in every picture that he makes there is his basic ideal, his conviction that it will be a *good* movie—so when the audience applauds, he has achieved success not only in their eyes but in his own as well.

Nearly two years ago Samuel Goldwyn was introducing a ready-made star named Anna Sten; it was an experiment in the realm of publicity to see what ballyhoo could make of an unknown personality. He needed a male lead and sent for Gene Raymond.

But there was no script.

Gene was sorry.

Three months later Goldwyn had a story, unwritten as yet but still—a story. He sent a casting director to Columbia with a synopsis for Gene's approval; and stubborn Mr. Raymond entered the producer's sanctum next day with thumbs pointed firmly groundward.

There was storm and fury—a half-hour sales-talk—more storm and fury. Gene, standing solidly by his ideals, was immovable. One of the requirements would have been that he dye his hair. He said! "I'm certain you can find someone whose hair is already dark, who'd fit the part much better than I would"—and went away.

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

THE NAKED EYE!

To YOUR naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into KURLASH. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! \$1, at stores near you.



Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—\$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!



Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! \$1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department A-11, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

But a code of this sort must carry with it persistence, patience. "Not the patience of Job," Gene grinned, drawing on his menu a profile of Lily Pons who was in the next booth. "And not drudgery. I knew a person once who worked at his job diligently, every hour of the day and every day of his life—waiting for opportunity. But he died with the job unfinished. . . . I think it's a question of the truism modified: 'All things come to him who hustles while he waits.'"

He folded the menu and sent it by a bus-boy to Miss Pons. "Of course," he continued, "I want a lot of things. I want all the things money can buy—I want the perfect love, certainly—I want the international fame that comes with being a star."

"But I've got to have this first: I've got to fight discouragement, and I've got to have success with myself. Even if I never get any of those other things—if I have nothing left but the knowledge that I've lived up to my convictions—then I shall have succeeded in life."

GLENDA FARRELL, in white slacks, romped through the doorway, and with her came a sort of breathless excitement. I flung my question at her and she laughed her answer: "Love!"

Lounging opposite each other, we started a rapid fire dialogue with only an occasional pause for breath.

Glenda: It's the most important thing in the world. Take it away from me for just one day and I die a little, inside. Everything I do, all my philosophy, my living, is centered in it.

I: Who is he?

Glenda: Oh, I don't mean just the popular-song type of thing. (Humming) "A world without love is a world without"—that's only a small percentage. I mean the deep affection I have for my family, for my friends, even for the menagerie I keep. And they must love me in return. You can define Glenda Farrell in four words—"Love and be loved". . . .

I: You think there are two kinds of love, then? One connected with a single definite person, I suppose, and spelled in capitals: L-O-V-E. And then the every-day pleasant affection for the cat and the two kid cousins and your friends at the studio.

Glenda: I suppose that's it. Maybe I just have a warm-hearted nature. But I can't hate anyone—and I can't bear it if somebody doesn't like me. Of course I fight like the dickens with my family, but we always make up six minutes later. I can't think of a person I dislike—there's always something lovable in everyone, you know. I say if you radiate love, others are bound to love you; overlook things in other people, be willing to give—of yourself and of your time and of your thoughts. If you don't enjoy doing that there's no happiness for you.

I: It takes a pretty big person to live like that. Petty people wouldn't stand a show.

Glenda: (Succinctly) Then be big.

I: Isn't success, money, important too?

Glenda: (Disposing of success with a movement of her hand) Not so important. Of course I want it, but mostly so I can give my family things. It all gets back to the basic foundation of love—I adore them, so I must have success and money to make them happy.

I: But Glenda, love! Love in capitals. Where does that come in?

Glenda: (Frowning, biting her lip) I'm almost afraid to talk about that. It's a paradox, a bugaboo.

I: Why?

Glenda: Because I'm searching for something all-encompassing that I can't quite find. (Sitting up straight) If I could love someone the way I loved that truck-driver in my neighborhood when I was fifteen—if I could recapture a worship, so complete and unselfish, as that—then the world would be mine. (Lying back with closed eyes) It was a Mack truck he drove. . . . I never met him.

I: First love is always incomparable.

Glenda: That's why a woman shouldn't marry until she's older. The man she loves at seventeen is not the man she loves at twenty-five. She changes mentally and every other way—grows up, let's say—between those ages.

(Smiling suddenly) My son Tommy's in love now with his first girl. And what he goes through! He lies on his stomach on the floor and dreams into the distance. He says: "Well, I guess I'll make a phone call—" and then broods darkly for a while. Finally he says: "Mama, would it be good technique to call her today?—after all I said I would," and I tell him: "Make them wait, Tommy, make them wait." But he gets so miserable I tell him to go ahead. . . .

And of course it's agony. I know. I suffer right along with him. But he lives on it—and so do I.

HE WAS TOLD THAT HE COULD NEVER WALK AGAIN

In his late fifties, Fred Stone thought he was down and out. His health had been broken in a terrible accident. His career as a dancer was finished. Today, at 62, Fred Stone is hailed as Hollywood's greatest discovery. Read his dramatic story in December

PHOTOPLAY

Out November 5

Appointments were changed, I had blow-outs on the way, and a nearsighted servant mumbled at me that Madame did not want to buy a vacuum-cleaner—but when at last I sat opposite Dolores Del Rio and asked: "What do you think is the most important thing in life?" she answered, "Living." And I knew it had been worth all the trouble.

Living to lovely Mrs. Cedric Gibbons has a vivid connotation: it is composed of her passionate love for life; of her invincible faith in herself and in her God; of courage. It is a bright arc, not yet beginning to fade. And it has grown from a vital, sensitive personality that expresses itself in her words:

"I must live well—I must experience everything fully! I must not be afraid of new things or new people or new adventures, but seek them glorying in the strangeness. If they have danger then I must not be the coward that runs off crying; if they leave a bad taste then I must find something new to take the taste away. But I must not regret anything I have ever done. . . . Only the things I have been afraid to do!

"And I must love spontaneously without thought of futures nor of faults. I have not

hidden from dangerous men because they might hurt me; if there is a little hurt, bah! It makes you appreciate the better people."

This is her exciting brief, the creed by which she lives; but once, when she lived the quiet cloistered life of a girl-of-good-family in old Mexico City, there was no chance for adventure, no opportunity for living deeply. Then her days were made of a million small fears, her nights—which might have been richly colored interludes in that romantic legend of a city—were spent reading, preparing for bed. Then she refused invitations to skate in Winter, because she might slip and hurt her self; then she wore second-best gowns to parties, fearful of tearing a beautiful new dress made especially for this event—and derided herself later for the craven, miserable evening.

She was seventeen when she got her slender curious hands on a small volume named "*La Peur de Vivre*"—"The Fear of Living"—and read about the tribulations of a French family who were afraid to face life, who backed away from problems and the ordeal of existence. "I thought," she told me, "this book is about me! I am fearful of living—I have *peur de vivre*."

AND it set Dolores Del Rio to thinking. Slowly she ventured a little, found what excitement and adventure were, began a loud beating of small wings. Two years later she made her decision, imperilled her fortune and her social position, and came to Hollywood where she had only one chance in a thousand of finding justification.

"I was mad to do it," she laughed, "because my family and my friends would have ostracized me if I'd been a failure. I couldn't have gone back. But you see—I found success! And I'm so glad I came—how awful to have stayed, to have met the same people every day, to have done the same things—how incredibly dull!"

She chuckled softly. "So many people have *peur de vivre*. I am constantly giving my advice to young friends: 'Leave home, find a job, make your own way, live fully, you will succeed,' I tell them. I say: 'Forget this safe, secure position. Take a chance, find a better thing'—and then for months I am tortured for fear I have been wrong. But it has always turned out well . . . the advice has always been good.

"Living for me is made of three things: Love, travel, and good books or music. Success—it never made me happy. Fame—when I had it most, I was miserable. Money—love costs nothing, you can travel third-class, there are libraries. Excitement is not based on night-clubs or gaiety, but for me it is in a kiss; in arriving at a new land; in the crescendo of a symphony. . . ."

"And if you were deprived of those things?"

"Then I would still live. I love the earth and what's on it—the mountains, that sea out there, they'd still exist. The sun still shines; I could always take sun-baths. Besides, you've forgotten my faith. I'd get my three things back somehow. Even if I didn't—to live would be enough. Just to live well."

And here in this house, built like a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set, by Cedric Gibbons, master of set designers, gorgeous Dolores has settled herself with a stubborn courage and a panorama for life.

To Hollywood, then, I asked my question: "What matters most in life?" And looking within itself it found four answers. Happiness! Success! Love! Living! Four flags on a single tower.

Spinning Around With Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

I giggled, thinking of Mickey doing leaps and twirls with a bunch of nymphs. My next question was a little more practical.

"What did you enjoy the most on your trip to Europe?"

"Coming home," he said patly. "But there was one awfully nice thing, though, I read *you* all through Europe!" Bluggs, the smelling salts!

Talking about airplanes—or were we? Did you read about the one that crashed into Connie Bennett's front yard at Malibu? Ooh! Was the lady mad! Not because it dirtied up her sand pile or becuz the newspapers said it narrowly escaped scraping her epidermis when she was actually many miles away, but because she wasn't there to see it!

"Malibu," moaned the thin woman, "has been so abysmally dull this year."

BUT nothing's ever dull around the Pat O'Brien ménage. If it isn't one thing, it's half a dozen of another. The latest took place at the missus' swanky dress shop in Beverly. A nice looking woman, *avec* spouse, came in and asked to try on an expensive gown. When she had been properly buttoned up she trotted back to the front of the store to show hubby. Suddenly the salesgirl spotted a suspicious-looking bit of material dangling from his slightly bulging coat.

"Hey!" yelled she, "give me back that dress!" She yanked and out came not one, but three gowns that the gent had purloined whilst the wife had the salesgirl safely out of sight in the fitting room.

Then Mrs. Pat appeared on the scene just in time to see the woman streaking madly out of the front door with the dress still on and still unpaid for! Mrs. Pat dashed out after her, and galloped down the street yelling wildly,

"Help! Police! Help! Police!"

But nobody paid the least bit of attention to her.

Finally she cornered the thief-ess in a back alley, pinned her to the wall, stripped \$49.50 of satin-back crêpe from off'n her hide, and left the lidy in her petticoat!

For months and months me and Marian Marsh (you've never seen a lovelier lass) swapped lunches. First it was her turn, then mine. Last week she phoned: "Let's go in for bigger and better lunches, Mitzi, let's bring along our maws."

So we brought the ladies to the Vendome, introduced them to each other, and right off everybody started talking at the same time! Between tossing the gab about, yelling hulloes to Anita Stewart, Douglass Montgomery, the lovely Ruth Selwyn, Maxie Rosenbloom, Arline Judge, Lyle Talbot and Jeanette MacDonald, to say nought of Marian signing autographs every four minutes for admiring visitors, we had a ducky lunch. I couldn't exactly tell you what we ate, but we managed to decorate our innards satisfactorily. Both parents, incidentally, had themselves a chi-chi time. Ma Cummings was tossing "My Mitzi, etc.," all over the place. And Ma Marsh was fighting for opportunities about "My Marian!" Great institution, mothers!

Which reminds me about Fay Wray and the reporter. She was being interviewed just before paddling off to Europe, and the reporter was kind of running out of questions. Fay was a little weary of it all.

"Oh, Miss Wray," suddenly shot the bright young fellow, "what do you think of the quintuplets?"

"Why, I think," chirruped the actress naively, "that there are five of them, don't you?"

And that's some youngster Glenda Farrell has. Always up to something. Course Glenda adores him, but occasionally, being all boy, he exasperates pretty mama. I got a taste of it over the phone the other day. We were talking about this-and-that, mostly about her interior decorating, when suddenly she started to shriek offside, "Tommee-ee! You little devil, take your dirty feet off my white satin chaise longue!"

Then she exploded into the phone, "Heavens! I give that imp a swell room for himself. I put linoleum on the floor with a zebra rug. I give him a big armchair all upholstered in a leopard skin, and I hang dandy animal pictures on the wall. If he wallows in the mud he still can't spoil anything in there, but he has to come into my room, with all my white silks and satins and plunk his muddy shoes right on my . . ."

Suddenly Tommy tee-heed: "Sing, mother, sing!"

Which reminds me of the boylet of the Donald Woods. They call him Splinter. Splinter has a turned-up nose and a determined little chin, and one day he'd been very naughty. His handsome, acting papa took him to task at the luncheon table and gave him a regal dressing-down. This ended with a dignified "And I think I ought to give you a spanking. What do you have to say about it, Splinter?"

Whereupon that one rose upon his haunches and piped: "If it's all the same to you, Mr. Wood, I'd rather you'd whistle!"

This is my day with the younger generation . . . three-year-olds are just my style! Nephew Stephen is always saying the darnedest things, too. Yep, Stephen, is a one. On a nice Saturday morning his daddy, director Roy Rowland, took him for a walk in the park. They stopped at a lily pool where some frogs were disporting. Stevie was entranced. Suddenly a great, monstrous hopper leaped on the edge of the pool and blinked his eyes. "Ooh, daddy!" cried the young one in amazement. "Look at the Saint Bernard frog!"

AND then, next day, Stevie was in the park with his nurse. He was scooping up pebbles and flinging them in every direction. For this he was reprimanded, and he promised to behave himself. But when nana's back was turned he was at it, whereupon his little pal, Karen Morley's infant, rushed up, banked excitedly at her skirts and cried: "Lady, lady, he's doing that business again!"

One of the loveliest women in these here hills is Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, whose sister is married to the mighty Nicholas Schenk. Mrs. S. has a love of a garden, all trimmed up in marine blue sunshades and chairs on one side of the swimming pool, and lemon yellow ones on the other. In the pool swims a coupla mattresses and a cunning sailboat built for two—if you squeeze tight enough! In the garden is also a white piano, a teeny one. Last week Con ("Continental" and other hits) Conrad sat down and played and played and played! Those who sat entranced was your girl-friend; Countess De Maigret; Alice Nikitina, famous ballerina; Princess Paley, and several nice gents.



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Mrs. Selwyn curled herself atop the piano and sung and sung and sung. The eyes and ears were enjoying a big time when suddenly a handsome barytone voice from somewhere busted in and juggled some pretty high notes. We all jumped up and looked. There, over the garden wall, was a good-looking blonde head and a laughing face. "You've got no right to disturb the peace this way," he grinned, "so I just decided to be a good neighbor and give you a little of the same."

It was Nelson Eddy!

YOU know that bracelet of mine? The white one with the alternating black and white rings from which are suspended hundreds of black and white round tabs? I take it off and amuse myself by shaking it like a tambourine . . . remember? Well, my sweet potato, I shall never do that again. But never. Nope, I shall frame it and show it to my babes. All because while one hand was busy shovelling sustenance into my cavern while in the M-G-M commissary the other day, Clark Gable happened along and noted the other fin waving the fan-dangle bracelet.

"Oh, let me see that!" exclaimed the big, beautiful he-man excitedly. "I never saw a bracelet like that before!"

I handed it over and Clark, like a four-year-old, waggled it and wiggled it with great joy. Then, with a grin on his pan, he tried to shove it on his wrist. But it stuck. It wouldn't go further, and it wouldn't go back. Clark perspired. Clark perspired some more. But there it was! Finally he braced himself against my chair. "Pull," he commanded, "pull hard!"

So I took a deep breath, pitted my 103 pounds of brawn and muscle against the fellah's mighty torso and yanked! Off it came, but so suddenly and unexpectedly that I went flying back on the chair . . . a heap of confusion!

But dear Clark set me right, thanked me profusely, patted me on the head and went his way to the accompaniment of several dozens of sighs from female lookers-on.

Ergo, Joan, I frame my bracelet!

And speaking of handsome heroes, seeing Joe Penner, the duck fancier, in a pair of swimming trunks is quite a revelation! When I popped out and told him so, the lad dipped himself into a pot of rosy red and stuttered so everyone got the giggles.

"Speaking of embarrassing moments," said he to me, "reminds me of the time in Coney Island."

"I took a ride in a tiny automobile on a concession and I was having a swell time racing myself all over the place, when suddenly the starter . . ." he paused to gulp while his wife grinned, "spotted me. He turned around and relayed it to the barker who immediately began to yell to the passing crowds: 'Ladees and gentlemen! Joe Penner . . . Penner of 'Wanna Buy a Duck,' is in here riding in a miniature auto. Step right up, ladees and gentlemen, step right up!'"

"I immediately signalled the starter to stop the electricity so I could get out, but the guy pooh-hoed the idea and only threw it on the harder. Meanwhile the crowds jammed the railing to look, and there I was, looking like a monkey riding around and around in a kiddie car!"

"I pulled a five dollar bill out of my pocket and waved it at the starter, but he shook his head and kept the juice on. Then I flashed a ten at him. He pulled the switch! I leaped out of the car and started to leave, but I was so dizzy from going around twenty-two times that I fell down."

"I was so blooming mad, and so embarrassed and so dizzy I didn't know who to fight first."

Whee-eee-ee! And Whoops-a-day! . . . Did I step last Sunday afternoon. Wuz I an

elegant! Wuz a bit of all right, though! Miss Lily Pons gave a party. And Miss Mitzi Cummings went in her best white hat and diamond joolery.

Jeanette MacDonald was there. Irene Dunne was there. Lawrence Tibbett was there. Many others were there.

Lark Pons, petite, vivid and possessing a childlike enthusiasm, was enchanting in a long white crêpe tea-gown, princess waist, high round little neck, and flowing sleeves.

So many people kept telling her how much they'd enjoyed her singing here and there. To every one Lily would reel off, like lightning, her entire repertoire in Detroit, or New York, or Dallas, or wherever it was the individual had heard her sing.

An amazing memory when you consider the number of concerts she's given, and the extent of her repertoire. I sat and gaped at it all, but more I gaped at the prima donna's animated face, because, s-s-sh!—you can share a secret—some people had said I resembled her!

Finally I told her so.

"But yes!" she exclaimed excitedly, "eet ees so! You are Franch?"

"No," I shook my noodle.

"Spaneesh, yes?"

"Sorry."

"Not a Latin?" she queried. "Then Rooshun!"

"Well . . ." I began, when suddenly Pan Berman, the youthfully brilliant executive of RKO butted in.

"SO MITZI, your eyes are like Miss Pons. And your coloring is alike . . . and your mouths, I think. But," he flicked his hand meaningfully, "how is your voice?"

Paderewski, queeck . . . play me the Funeral March!

Yours with a whiz and a bang!

MITZI.

Why Virginia Bruce Won't Marry for Five Years

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

and thrilled and breathless with her girl friends while the Great Lover flashed his imperious, pulse-stirring way across the screen to the strains of "The Merry Widow" and the dramatic pace of "The Big Parade." And she had never dared to dream that she would ever speak his name, touch his hand, see him face to face.

And I remembered her telling me, that first time we talked, how even after she had come to Hollywood and was signed by M-G-M she used to sit in the commissary at luncheon watching Jack come in and feeling her hands go cold and her body rigid, unable to eat because of the painful thudding of her heart and the tightening of her throat. And then the meeting and the part in his picture and a few brief weeks and the incredible magic of the words: "I want you to marry me . . ."

Oh, of all the fantastical, Never-Never Land things to happen, surely this was the most Never-Never of them all!

And now, yesterday, I sat with the girl Virginia who has been John Gilbert's wife and the mother of his child and who grew up, grew sadder and wiser and somehow more sculpturally beautiful since the door of that House on the Hill closed behind her.

I said to Virginia: "Make believe that at the

end of the five years it should be Jack who would ask you to marry him again—would you?"

And Virginia couldn't answer me, not in words.

But our eyes went, involuntarily, around the room. To the framed picture of Virginia and the baby on one wall, to the portrait of Jack on the dressing table, Jack happy and laughing and gay.

She said at length: "You can say this for me—I would rather have had Jack for the father of my baby than any other man in the world. I would be *really* unhappy now if I had not had Susan Ann. Out of all the world he is the man I would have chosen to father my child. And I think the combination of Jack and me, as parents, is perfect. For the baby has my sort of quietness and calm and she has, also, Jack's fire and artistic temperament and drama. I think she is going to be a remarkable person. She is growing to look more like me as she grows older. She's nearly two, you know. But Jack is there, in her gestures, in her quick likes and dislikes, in the fire that animates that darling baby face. And I am glad."

"Why," I said, "do you give yourself five years? Any reason for that special length of time?"

"Yes," said Virginia, "there is. I want another baby. I intend to have one. And I want to have my other baby before I am thirty. At the end of five years I'll be twenty-nine. That is the major reason."

"The other is, that I need five years to make of myself what I want to be. You see, I've reversed the customary tables. I am beginning my career, beginning to work, living at home with my parents, going out with boys, having my growing-up time *after* marriage instead of before. And my work is what I want now. I gave it up once. I shall not give it up again."

"If anyone should offer me today a final choice between a career and being married and having a home of my own again I'd choose the career without an instant's hesitation. I don't know what that makes of me, a selfish person, perhaps—but it's the simple truth. And I," laughed Virginia, "am too honest to be able to shade the truth. It's one of my defects, I guess. I don't seem to know how to be any other way. Jack is honest, too. But if possible I am *honest*. And that was one of our difficulties. I must learn, among other things, to be more subtle, have more finesse."

"I want to Amount To Something with capital letters. I want to have all the contacts and experiences, all of the travel and knowl-

edge of myself that I should have had before I married Jack. I'd had so few experiences before my marriage. And almost no emotion save for my fan-worship of Jack.

"As a matter of fact," Virginia said, "my chief claim to fame still lies in the fact that I once married John Gilbert. I want five years to stake a claim for myself.

"I WANT to have romances, too, of course. I wouldn't be honest to try to say that I intend to live for five years with nothing of tenderness, nothing of glamour in my life. But sometimes," said Virginia with that look again of one who sees something others cannot see, "sometimes it is a little difficult . . . it is very difficult to have loved John Gilbert first . . .

"And then, too, I want to be free for the baby. Romances, just going out with boys and men is all right. I can work them in without interfering with the baby. Marriage would be another matter. Now, when I am through here at the studio I go home and have time with Susan Ann before she goes to bed. I undress her and play with her. I read nursery rhymes to her. I teach her her prayers. I can be with her all I want. There is no other demand upon me. And then, after she is asleep, I can go out. Mother does all the housekeeping and managing. I live exactly as a girl lives at home before marriage. The only difference is that now I have the baby—and memories instead of dreams.

"My career and my baby—it is to them that I dedicate the next five years of my life."

"What kind of man do you hope you will marry when the five years are over?"

"I know exactly the kind of a man I would like to marry," Virginia said, gravely. "Of course you have to allow for the unpredictable, for the fact that you are apt to fall in love with the direct opposite of your own ideal.

"The man I hope to marry would be an older man, in the first place. I'd want him to be at least ten years older than I. I could never be content with a young, inexperienced

man—not now. I would want a man who would be interested in me and in my work and so he would have to be a professional, connected with pictures in some capacity. I would want him to have money, not that money is so essential to me, but I would not want to embarrass him by making myself as much or more than he might make.

"I'd want," Virginia smiled that reminiscent smile again, "I'd want a man who would—well, fight with me now and then! I'd miss the ups and downs, the fierce rebellions and the beautifulness of making up again if I lived always on a sunny level plane. After all, peace is never so precious as it is after war.

"Why, do you know," Virginia laughed, a gentle note of amusement at herself in her voice, "do you know, I find myself deliberately picking arguments with the boys and men I go out with just so we can have a reconciliation scene afterwards.

"Storms," sighed Virginia, remembering, "can be so beautiful.

"THEN, let's see. I would want him to be a man who would encourage me and stimulate me in my work. Someone who would be proud of me, who would believe in me as an actress, as a woman. I need that sort of encouragement. I'd want it to be a give and take marriage.

"But I have five years before this problem becomes imminent. I may change in that time. I may not want then what I think I want now.

"That is why I am giving myself five years. That is what I want to find out.

"What I want.

"What I am.

"What life and love are all about and how best to handle them.

"I have taken my vow," said Virginia, "and if I break it it will be because . . . because," she laughed with a little twist of that sensitive, flowery mouth, "I am a woman who knows what love can do."



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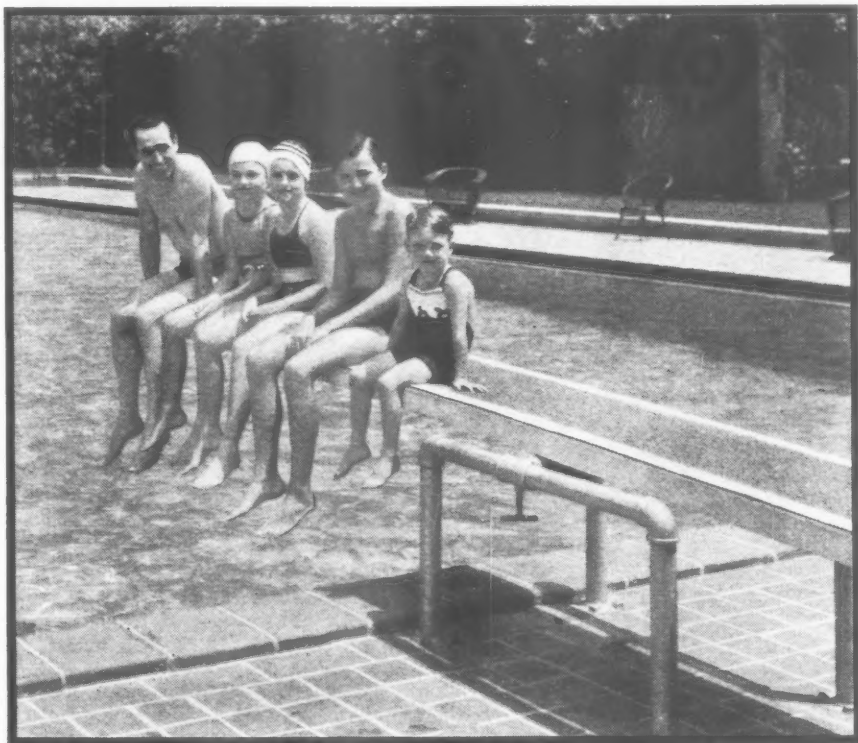
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Here is an ample representation of the Lloyd family all ready for the customary early morning dip. Seems as though the water's a bit chilly and everyone is waiting for Harold to dive in. Near him are Peggy and Gloria, his daughters, Gaylord Lloyd, nephew, and Harold Lloyd, Jr.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skillful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE—Select-RKO Release.—The American classic suffers from the censor's scissors on the screen, but you'll enjoy seeing Helen Morgan as the notorious Frankie, Chester Morris as the great lover, and the late Lilyan Tashman as Nellie Bly. (Aug.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Warners.—Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on between reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy. Good entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

★ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mac West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tobin, Ralph Forbes. (Oct.)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (May)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Oct.)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)



Leaving the church after the nuptials, Hallam Cooley, an ex-actor who is now an agent for the stars, is photographed with his charming new bride. She was Doris McMahan

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futur Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor, top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Sept.)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh, steals the show. (Oct.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the White-oakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (Oct.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton good as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellows, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (Sept.)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (Oct.)

KLIQU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indo-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of Laddie (John Beal) and Pamela (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram.—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evalyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (Sept.)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended. (Sept.)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen recountal of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (Oct.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Sirruense* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

MAD LOVE—M-G-M.—Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal.—Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (Oct.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as Pa who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a sniffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (Oct.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-

cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast, A-1 direction. (July)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—B.I.P.-Alliance.—Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous Quilp. (Sept.)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a tool barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, Dawn Glory, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph. Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger, it's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)

RAVEN, THE—Universal.—Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)



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ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement. (Sept.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film debut as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (Sept.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (Oct.)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox.—Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (Oct.)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry he-man engineer George Brent because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (Sept.)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is ace high. (June)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)



Arlene Judge is the wistful little lady in the picture. But you can't blame her. You'd be wistful too if that sign was outside of your door

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (Sept.)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino Armida. (Aug.)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny, Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilded partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY—Warners.—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic.—A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Oct.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbey are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

★ **WOMAN WANTED**—M-G-M.—A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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The Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING MARCH

For *Mme. Maria Jeritza*, Viennese song-star, and *Winfield Sheehan*, late Fox boss, at romantic Santa Barbara Mission.

For *Bob Steele*, two-gun Western screen hero, and *Alice Petty*, school day sweetheart, after air-elopement to Reno.

For *Arthur Rankin*, Barrymore relative actor, and *Marian Mansfield*, radiotress.

For *Barbara Davis*, sister of *Bette Davis*, and *Robert Pelgram*, Manhattan aviation-ecier, at Tijuana, Mexico.

For *Lanny Ross* and *Olive White*, his manager, who kept it a secret two weeks.

For *Jayne Shaddock*, actress and ex-spouse of *Jack Kirkland*, playwright of "Tobacco Road," and *Henry J. Topping, Jr.*, rich boy, by J. of P. Julius Raven.

For *Mrs. Mattie Teasdale*, mother of *Verree Teasdale*, and *Joshua M. Didricksen*. Son-in-law *Adolphe Menjou* was best man.

And for *Fred Wallace*, 20th Century-Fox actor, and *Terry Ray*, Mid-West actress.

SHATTERED SHACKLES

Mrs. Clyde Richardson Collins, mother of *Cora Sue Collins*, legally severed from *Young C. Collins*.

Mrs. Juliette Novis discarded *Donald Novis*, by order of the court.

Pauline Haley, film "double" and stand-in for *Joan Bennett*, dropped *Hugh W. Haley* legally.

Margot Grahame, from British actor husband *Francis Lister* in a "friendly separation."

Claudette Colbert was granted a Mexican divorce from *Norman Foster*.

ON THE DOCKET

Francis Lederer defended himself in a plagiarism suit brought by *Jack Quartaro* over plot of "Romance in Manhattan."

Billie Burke in a suit for \$648 brought by Hollywood Bath and Tennis Club. Claimed Billie never paid her dues.

Evelyn Venable and agents, *Ad Schulberg-Kenneth Feldman, Inc.*, settled differences and marked their contract release suit off the calendar.

Reginald Denny, petition for voluntary bankruptcy.

Elissa Landi sued by photographer for \$128.50. Photographer said Elissa would pay up.

HELLO, NURSE

Stepin Fetchit failed to duck. A pool ball caromed off his head. Stitches.

June Collyer weathered a major operation necessitated by *June Dorothea's* birth.

Alice Brady sang herself sick, went to bed with a badly strained throat.

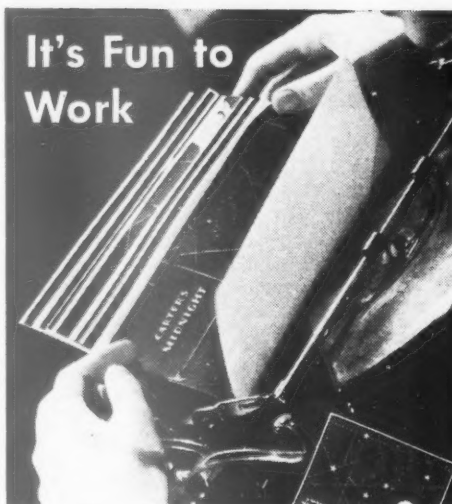
Frank Mayo, old time screen idol, put a crimp in his comeback when a girder from a Universal serial set fell and fractured his skull.

Mrs. Wallace Beery entered Johns Hopkins Hospital for observation and treatment, when she arrived home from London.



These two Indian boys who are amusing *Barbara Stanwyck* and *Preston Foster* on the set of "Shooting Stars," are the sons of *Jim Thorpe*, all-time, All-American Indian athlete, now doing bits in the movies

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Why Million Dollar Pictures Are Coming Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

you to Cecil B. De Mille for one answer to that.

De Mille always spends prodigious sums, and his spectacles, Biblical or otherwise, invariably pay out. His "Ten Commandments" grossed five million; his "King of Kings," four million. "Sign of the Cross" cost better than a million dollars to make, and it grossed well over three million. De Mille always spends in a lavish way, and always the box-office returns repay him. He figures, too, that in making films of "universal appeal and wide sweeping background," he can get foreign business, which less important films

If you will think back, these and "The Sign of the Cross," which antedated them, were the first really big pictures since the advent of sound. Some of the musicals, such as "The Gold Diggers," cost a lot of money, yes, but nowhere near as much as the old silent spectacles. I think a little history of the fall and rise of spectacles might be interesting.

When sound came in, we were in an era of spectacles. We had things like "The Big Trail," "The Trail of '98," "Old Ironsides," "The Covered Wagon," and Howard Hughes was working on his tremendous airplane film,

Public, who are pretty wise, began to shop for their pictures. If they couldn't have quality, they would have quantity.

In a frantic effort to get box-office customers, the sex drama reached its ultimate. Films became more and more daring as producers vied with each other.

Censorship stuck up its forthright, threatening head!

Pictures a year ago were in an awful fix. Something had to be done. But what?

The immediate problem was censorship, and oddly enough, in coping with that, producers found their way out of the maelstrom into which they had plunged themselves. They turned to literature and history for great stories which could be put upon the screen. They began to look for musicals which really had music and appeal. Out of the past, they plucked Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield." From Broadway they brought "Roberta."

Now, obviously, if they were going to make "Copperfield," they had to make it well. No inexpensive production, no cheap, shoddy imitation of this famous and beloved novel of Dickens would satisfy moviegoers. So M-G-M loosened the purse strings, and David Selznick started out to give us the "David Copperfield" he could. It cost around a million dollars. There were sixty-four speaking parts and a fine cast. Much time and large sums of money were spent in delving into the past so that every historical detail might be correct.

ONE of the most expensive items of Radio's "Roberta" was found under the heading, "Clothes, \$100,000." There was a style parade in this which took your breath away because of the lovely things shown. The dancing, the music, the original cost of the show, plus the cast, all contributed heavily to the total.

But—these two pictures made money, big money, and other producers began to sit up and take notice. And—almost before Hollywood knew it, the million dollar picture era had started again. Now we are right in the midst of it.

Undoubtedly the picture of the biggest spectacle value this year will be "A Tale of Two Cities," being produced at M-G-M. Its cost will be tremendous, well toward a million and a half dollars, if not more. It is, incidentally, if you are interested in how producers can spend such a chunk of money on one film, a good illustration of why pictures reach the million dollar mark or more. In the sequence of the fall of the Bastille, five thousand people milled around on a huge six-acre set one day. Take five thousand extras at five dollars daily, and it totals twenty-five thousand dollars right there. This, plus the staggering salaries paid the star cast, headed by Ronald Colman, including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, and others. On another big set in the guillotining of Marie Antoinette in the Place de la Concorde, twenty-seven hundred people were used, and on a third, in the revolutionary tribunal where the aristocrats were tried, eleven hundred extras reported. At this writing, the picture is in its sixteenth week of production, and it is estimated that it will go nearly five months.



Vincente Escudero, internationally famous Spanish gypsy dancer, shown here with his partner, Carmita, is making his screen debut in "Here's to Romance." Jesse L. Lasky, who is producing the film, takes time off to be photographed with this widely celebrated dancer

miss. His foreign intake has amounted to twice his domestic, but that is a trade detail.

I also give you the example of all times, "Ben Hur," the epic of silent days, the most costly picture ever produced. The expense sheet on it was estimated at \$3,500,000, but at last reports "Ben Hur," in the years since it first saw light, had grossed well over ten million dollars. (Of course, "Ben Hur" cost far too much because of a series of mistakes, two sets of directors, two casts, and its ill-fated trip to Italy, but that is beside the point. It finally paid out.)

I also point out—and what are tremendously important for their effect on the industry as a whole—the more recent examples of good, well-made, expensive pictures which paid their way—"David Copperfield" and "Roberta"—one based on a literary classic of all time and the other a fine musical show. Both were in the million dollar class, and both were inspirations for the present producers' rush toward large expenditures on good films.

"Hell's Angels," with Jean Harlow, and which picture eventually had to be remade into a talking film.

All of these, even as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Ben Hur" of days previous, were money makers. The producers, by giving Mr. and Mrs. John Public sweep and pageantry and action and movement and masses of people, were doing right well financially.

THEN sound brought mechanical limitations. There developed the intimate Drawing Room Drama. We went into an era of intimate talking pictures, talkie things with little or no movement but so-called bright dialogue. And then came the Depression. Producers hysterically began an economy wave. Between the two D's, the Drawing Room Drama and Depression, spectacles suddenly faded out of sight. Pictures became more limited in appeal. The producer began to spend less and less, until films became worse and worse. The Double Bill Menace arose. Mr. and Mrs. John

Why "Midsummer Night's Dream" cost one million, two hundred thousand dollars is easy to figure out when you consider not only its stellar cast and the length of time it took to shoot it (it was actually in production three months), but its difficult and delicate camera work and the beautiful forest scene set designed by Anton Grot. This is one of the loveliest things you have ever seen in a motion picture studio. Not to forget, of course, Max Reinhardt's salary and the costly infinite details upon which he insisted.

I am told by those who have seen the secret rushes of "Mutiny on the Bounty" that this picture is tremendous. It has power, sweep, and beauty on a magnificent scale. Certainly supreme effort on the part of everybody at M-G-M has gone into its making, and it is authentic from beginning to end. For weeks they sailed a replica of the old H. M. S. Bounty off the Isthmus of Catalina while camera and star crews labored on scenes. A whole city was built up on the Isthmus for the period of shooting. In addition, another crew sailed to Tahiti and still another shot off the Santa Barbara coast—where a cameraman lost his life and forty thousand dollars in equipment went down in the ocean—so that the picture would have authenticity.

In "Captain Blood," there are three huge ship sets, two great galleons being erected on the Warners' Burbank lot and the third on the old Vitagraph site, where also a complete Cuban waterfront has been built. In addition, parts of two ships have been constructed at the Isthmus of Catalina. The picture will be from twelve to fourteen weeks in shooting.

"China Seas" belongs in the million dollar class. It was planned on a lower cost basis, but before the studio finished, it had moved up into the big money category.

But the money spent on "China Seas" was well worth it. The returns at the box-office show that it grossed fifty thousand dollars the opening week in New York.

In Radio's "Last Days of Pompeii," with Preston Foster and Dorothy Wilson, a whole

city will be buried by a volcano. Four stages have been put together for this. Radio's "The Three Musketeers," based on the Alexander Dumas novel, has a spectacular tournament where the knights of old combat. An expensive picture, although it will not reach the million dollar mark, will be Radio's "Annie Oakley," based on the famous feminine rifle shot of the Buffalo Bill shows. (Barbara Stanwyck is in the title rôle.)

Universal promises to throw its hat into the ring this year with "Sutter's Gold," a drama of the mother lode country in California, and also with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

"So Red the Rose," a saga of the South, a sweeping picture of the Civil War days, has already been several months in the shooting at Paramount and has employed thousands of people as extras. King Vidor directs, and Vidor never gets out for less than a good-sized sum! Margaret Sullivan and Randolph Scott have the important rôles. Also on the Paramount schedule is "Rose of the Rancho," a story of early days in California, with Gladys Swarthout and John Boles.

There is no doubt that "Anthony Adverse," which Warners are producing and for which they have borrowed Fredric March at a salary something like one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, will be pushed up into the million dollar class.

Darryl Zanuck, who is often regarded as the Barnum of Hollywood, because he has such sure-fire instinct as a showman, will begin to toss out aspirants to the million dollar class with "Metropolitan," the Lawrence Tibbett picture, and also with "Shark Island," which covers the reconstruction period following Lincoln's assassination.

The new Charlie Chaplin effort, called at this writing, "Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times," will cost plenty by the time it is completed. The story is that it will be done pretty soon, but one never knows with Charlie. He need not worry, however, about how much it costs, for his last, "City Lights," grossed a total of six million.



The Trocadero still holds forth as the foremost gathering spot of the Hollywood stars. Spencer Tracy was lucky to corner Bob Taylor at just the right moment. It appears as if Spencer and Bob have similar preferences in cigarettes they smoke, but Bob is not annoyed

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Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"ALICE ADAMS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Dorothy Yost, Mortimer Offner and Jane Murr. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Alice Adams*, Katharine Hepburn; *Arthur Russell*, Fred MacMurray; *Mr. Adams*, Fred Stone; *Mildred Palmer*, Evelyn Venable; *Walter Adams*, Frank Albertson; *Mrs. Adams*, Ann Shoemaker; *Mr. Lamb*, Charles Grapewin; *Frank Dowling*, Grady Sutton; *Mrs. Palmer*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Palmer*, Jonathan Hale; *Henrietta Lamb*, Janet McLeod; *Mrs. Dowling*, Virginia Howell; *Mrs. Dresser*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Ella Dowling*, Ella McKenzie; *Malena*, Hattie McDaniels.

"ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Stephen Avery. Screen play by Dale Van Every and Frank Craven. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Commander Fitzhugh*, Sir Guy Standing; *Morton "Click" Haley*, Tom Brown; *Boyce Avery*, Richard Cromwell; *Madeline Deming*, Rosalind Keith; *Duncan Haley*, John Howard; *Zimmer*, Benny Baker; *Miranda*, Louise Beavers; *Dr. Bryant*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Jim Stockton*, Richard Brodus; *Porter*, John Darrow; *Adams*, Ben Alexander; *Commodore Briggs*, Minor Watson; *Clayton Beale*, Oscar Rudolph; *Inspection Officer*, Frank Loe; *Bumbout Charlie*, William Collier, Sr.; *1st Upper Classman*, John Morley; *Chaperone*, Dorothy Vaughan; *Admiral*, Guy Usher; *White House Policeman*, Brady Kline; *Lieutenant*, David Newell.

"BONNIE SCOTLAND"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frank Butler and Jeff Moffitt. Directed by James W. Horne. The cast: *Stanley McLaurel*, Stan Laurel; *Oliver Hardy*, himself; *Lorna McLaurel*, June Lang; *Alan Douglas*, William Janney; *Lady Violet Ormsby*, Anne Grey; *Colonel McGregor*, D.S.O. Vernon Steel; *Sergeant Major*, James Finlayson; *Mr. Miggs*, David Torrence; *Mir Jutra*, Maurice Black; *Mille*, Daphne Pollard; *Mrs. Bickerdike*, Mary Gordon; *Blacksmith*, Lionel Belmore.

"CAPPY RICKS RETURNS"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adaptation and screen play by George Waggoner. Directed by Mack Wright. The cast: *Cappy Ricks*, Robert McWade; *Bill Peck*, Ray Walker; *Barbara*, Florine McKinney; *Skinner*, Lucien Littlefield; *Winton*, Bradley Page; *Florry*, Lois Wilson; *Blake*, Oscar Apfel; *Peasley*, Kenneth Harlan; *Ahaf*, Man Mountain Dean.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the original story and screen play by Edward T. Lowe and Gerard Fairlie. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Diana Woodland*, Irene Hervey; *Philip Nash*, Charles Locher; *James Andrews*, Russell Hicks; *Lee Chan*, Keye Luke; *Chief of Police*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Burke*, Frederik Vogeding; *Dakin*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Taxi Driver*, Max Wagner.

"DARK ANGEL, THE"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Guy Bolton. Screen play by Lillian Hellman and Mordaunt Shairp. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Alan Trent*, Fredric March; *Kitty Vane*, Merle Oberon; *Gerald Shannon*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Shannon*, Janet Beecher; *Sir George Barton*, John Halliday; *Granny Vane*, Henrietta Crossman; *Ann West*, Frieda Inescourt; *Lawrence Bidley*, Claude Allister; *Joe*, George Breakston; *Betty*, Fay Chaldecott; *Ginger*, Denis Chaldecott; *Roulston*, Douglas Walton; *Mrs. Bidley*, Sarah Edwards; *Mr. Vane*, John Milner; *Mills*, Olaf Hytton; *Mr. Tanner*, Lawrence Grant; *Hannah*, Helena Byrne-Grant; *Mrs. Gallop*, Ann Fiedler; *Mr. Shannon*, David Torrence; *Kitty (as a child)*, Cora Sue Collins; *Gerald (as a child)*, Jimmy Butler; *Alan (as a child)*, Jimmy Baxter; *Lawrence (as a child)*, Randolph Connolly.

"FORBIDDEN HEAVEN"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Christine Jope-Slade. Adaptation and screen play by Sada Cowan. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Nibs*, Charles Farrell; *Ann*, Charlotte Henry; *Agnes*, Beryl Mercer; *Pluffy*, Fred Walton; *Sybil*, Phyllis Barry; *Radford*, Eric Wilton; *Allen*, Barry Winton; *Speaker*, Eric Snowden.

"GAY DECEPTION, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the original screen play by Stephen Avery and Don Hartman. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Sandro*, Francis Lederer; *Mirabel*, Frances Dee; *Miss Channing*, Benita Hume; *Lord Clewe*, Alan Mowbray; *Consul-General*, Lennox Pawle; *Lucille*, Adele St. Maur; *Mr. Squires*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Mr. Spitzer*, Richard Carle; *Peg DeForest*, Lanita Lane; *Joan Dennison*, Barbara Fritchie; *Bill Captain*, Paul Hurst; *Adolph*, Robert Greig; *Ernest*, Luis Alberni; *Gittel*, Lionel Stander; *Spellek*, Akim Tamiroff.

"GIRL FRIEND, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Benny Rubin. Directed by Edward N. Buzzell. The cast: *Linda*, Ann Sothern; *Henry*, Jack Haley; *George*, Roger Pryor; *Harmon*, Thurston Hall; *Sunshine*, Victor Kilian; *Doc*, Ray Walker; *Hilda*, Inez Courtney; *Grandma*, Margaret Seddon.

"HARMONY LANE"—MASCOT.—From the screen play by Joseph Santley and Elizabeth Meehan.

Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Stephen Foster*, Douglas Montgomery; *Susan Penland*, Evelyn Venable; *Jane McDowell*, Adrienne Ames; *Kleber*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Christy*, William Frawley; *Old Joe*, Clarence Muse; *Mr. Foster*, Gilbert Emery; *Mrs. Foster*, Florence Roberts; *Morrison Foster*, James Bush; *Mr. Penland*, David Torrence; *William Foster, Jr.*, Victor DeCamp; *Henrietta Foster*, Edith Craig; *Marion*, Cora Sue Collins; *Andrew Robinson*, Lloyd Hughes; *Mr. Pond*, Ferdinand Munier; *Delia*, Mildred Gover; *Proprietor*, James B. Carson; *Mr. Wade*, Rodney Hildebrand; *Mrs. Wade*, Mary McLaren; *Tambo*, Al Herman; *Bones*, Earl Hodgins; *Singer*, Wynne Davis; *Liza*, Hattie McDaniels. Also the Shaw Choir of two hundred voices.

"HERE COMES COOKIE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the original story by Sam Mintz and Don Hartman. Screen play by Don Hartman. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *George Burns*, George Burns; *Gracie Allen*, Gracie Allen; *Harrison Allen*, George Barbier; *Phyllis Allen*, Betty Furness; *Botts*, Andrew Tombes; *Jack*, Jack Powell; *Ramon del Ramo*, Rafael Storm; *Broken-Nose Reilly*, James Burke; *Mr. Dingleford*, Lee Kohlmar; *Mrs. Dingleford*, Milla Davenport; *Stuffy*, Harry Holman; *Clyde*, Frank Darien; *Wilbur*, Jack Duffy; *Lloyd*, Del Henderson; *Milkman*, Duke York; *1st Drunk*, Arthur Housman; *2nd Drunk*, Jack Henderson; *Policeman*, Edward Gargan; *Taxi Driver*, Eddie Dunn; *Sam*, Richard Carle.

Vaudeville Acts: Cal Norris and Monkey; Jester and Mole—Bicycle Act; Jack Cavanaugh and Partner—Knife Throwing Act; Six Olympics—Acrobatic tumbler; Seymour and Cornob—Rube comedy act and Musicians; Moro and Yaconelli—Comedy Italian act and Musicians; Johnson and Dove—Comedy Indian Club Jugglers; Big Boy Williams—One Man Band; Pascale Perry and Partner—Shooting Act; Six Candrive Brothers—Trumpeteer Act; The Buccaneers, Eight Singers.

"HERE'S TO ROMANCE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the original story by Ernest Pascal and Sonya Levien. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Arthur Richman. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Nino Donelli*, Nino Martini; *Kathleen Gerard*, Genevieve Tobin; *Lydia Lubor*, Anita Louise; *Rosa*, Maria Gambarelli; *Mme. Schumann-Heink*, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink; *Emery Gerard*, Reginald Denny; *Spanish Gypsy Dancer*, Vincente Escudero; *Sandoval*, Mathilde Comont; *Enid*, Elsa Buchanan; *Bert*, Miles Mander; *Sailor*, Keye Luke; *Fred*, Pat Somerset; *Lefevre*, Albert Conti; *Descartes*, Egon Brecher; *Carstairs*, Orrin Burke; *Andriol*, Armand Kaliz.

"HOT TIP"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Hugh Cummings, Olive Cooper and Louise Stevens. Directed by Ray McCarey and James Gleason. The cast: *Jimmy McGill*, James Gleason; *Belle McGill*, ZaSu Pitts; *Jane McGill*, Margaret Callahan; *Ben Johnson*, Russell Gleason; *Harvey Hooper*, Arthur Stone; *Henry Crumm*, Rollo Lloyd; *Kid Tyler*, Ray Mayer; *Spider Dorgan*, Donald Kerr; *Oscar Clausen*, Del Henderson; *Matt McHugh*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Apollo*, Willie Best; *Queenie*, Kitty McHugh.

"HOP-ALONG CASSIDY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Clarence E. Mulford. Screen play and adaptation by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Hop-Along Cassidy*, William Boyd; *Johnny Nelson*, Jimmy Ellison; *Mary Meeker*, Paula Stone; *Buck Peepers*, Charles Middleton; *Jack Anthony*, Kenneth Thomson; *Jim Meeker*, Robert Warwick; *Red Connors*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Uncle Ben*, George Hays; *Tom Shaw*, Jim Mason; *Hall*, Ted Adams; *Salem*, Willie Fung; *Riley*, Franklyn Farnum; *Frisco*, Frank Campeau.

"LA MATERNELLE"—METROPOLIS PICTURES.—From the Concorde prize novel by Leon Frapie. Adapted and directed by Jean Benoit-Lévy and Marie Epstein. The cast: *Rose*, Madeleine Renaud; *The Superintendent*, Alice Tissot; *Marie*, Paulette Elamberg; *Marie's mother*, Sylvette Fillacier; *Mme. Paulin*, Mady Berni; *Dr. Libois*, Henri Debain; *The Professor*, Alex Bernard; *Father Paulin*, Edward van Deele; *The Inspector*, Severin; *The Teacher*, Mariane; *The Singer*, Delille (Opera Comique); *M. Antoine*, Aman Maistre.

"LOST CITY, THE"—SUPER-SERIAL PROD.—From the original story by Zelma Carroll, George W. Merrick and Robert Dillon. Screen play by Parley Poore Sheehan, Eddie Graneman, and Leon d'Usseau. Directed by Harry Revier. The cast: *Zolok*, William Boyd; *Bruce Gordon*, Kane Richmond; *Natcha*, Claudia Dell; *Manyus*, Josef Swickard; *Butterfield*, George F. Hayes; *Raymonds*, Ralph Lewis; *Gozro*, William Bletcher; *Jerry*, Eddie Fetherston; *Andrews*, Milburn Moranti; *Queen Rama*, Margot D'Uze; *Appolyn*, Jerry Frank; *Colton*, William Millman; *Ben Ali*, Ginlo Carrado; *Hugo*, Sam Baker.

"MORALS OF MARCUS, THE"—GB.—Adapted from W. J. Locke's famous play. Directed by Miles Mander. The cast: *Carlotta*, Lupe Velez; *Sir Marcus Ordeyne*, Ian Hunter; *Judith*, Adrienne Allen; *Tony Pasquale*, Noel Madison. Also includes J. H. Roberts, H. F. Maltby, Arnold Lucy, Frank Atkinson, D. J. Williams, James Raglan, Agnes Imlay and Johnny Nitt.

"POWDER SMOKE RANGE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by William Colt MacDonald. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Wallace Fox. The cast: *Tucson Smith*, Harry Carey; *Stony Brooke*, Hoot Gibson; *Lullaby Joslin*, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; *Jeff Ferguson*, Bob Steele; *Sundown Saunders*, Tom Tyler; *Caroline Sibley*, Boots Mallory; *Big Steve Ogden*, Sam Hardy; *Sourdough Jenkins*, Francis Ford; *Brose Glasgow*, Adrian Morris; *Jim Reece*, Franklyn Farnum; *Happy Hopkins*, Bill Desmond; *Bud Taggart*, Wally Wales; *Rub Phelps*, Art Mix; *Tex Malcolm*, Buffalo Bill, Jr.; *Bat Wing*, Buzz Barton; *Jake Elliott*, Eddie Dunn; *Chap Bell*, Ray Mayer; *Dan Orchan*, William Farnum.

"SHE MARRIED HER BOSS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Thyra Samter Winslow. Screen play by Sidney Buchman. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Julia Scott*, Claudette Colbert; *Richard Barclay*, Melvyn Douglas; *Leonard Rogers*, Michael Bartlett; *Franklyn*, Raymond Walburn; *Martha Pryor*, Jean Dixon; *Gertrude Barclay*, Katharine Alexander; *Annabel Barclay*, Edith Fellows; *Parsons*, Clara Kimball Young; *Agnes Mayo*, Grace Hale; *Victor Jessup*, Charles E. Arnt; *Chauffeur*, Schuyler Shaw.

"SPECIAL AGENT"—WARNERS—COSMOPOLITAN.—From the story idea by Martin Mooney. Screen play by Laird Doyle and Abem Finkel. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Julie Gardner*, Bette Davis; *Bill Bradford*, George Brent; *Carlson*, Ricardo Cortez; *Andrews*, Jack LaRue; *District Attorney*, Henry O'Neill; *Armistage*, Robert Strange; *Chief of Police*, Joseph Crehan; *Durrell*, J. Carrol Naish; *Rich*, Joseph Sauters; *Young*, William Davidson; *Head of the Internal Rev. Dept.*, Robert Barrat; *Secretary to District Attorney*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Wilson*, Joseph King; *U. S. District Attorney*, Irving Pichel.

"STREAMLINE EXPRESS"—MASCOT.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Screen play by Leonard Fields, Dave Silverstein and Olive Cooper. Directed by Leonard Fields. The cast: *Elaine Zinson*, Esther Ralston; *Gilbert Landon*, Sidney Blackmer; *Patricia Wallis*, Evelyn Venable; *Fred Arnold*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Forbes*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Jimmy Hail*, Victor Jory; *Jones*, Vince Barnett; *Wilbur*, Tommy Bupp; *John Forbes*, Clay Clement; *Gerald Wilson*, Bobby Watson; *Larry Houston*, Lee Moran; *Purser*, Edward Hearn; *Conductor*, Allan Cavan; *Steward*, Sid Saylor; *Fawn*, Libby Taylor; *Steve*, Harry Tyler; *Barriender*, Morgan Brown; *Baggage Gatemane*, Wage Boteler; *1st Baggage Man*, Jock Raymond; *Physician*, Montague Shaw; *Radio Operator*, Lynton Brent.

"THIS IS THE LIFE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Arthur Horman. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Geraldine Reyer*, Jane Withers; *Michael Grant*, John McGuire; *Helen Davis*, Sally Blane; *Professor Breckenridge*, Sidney Toler; *Diane Reyer*, Gloria Roy; *Ed Reyer*, Gordon Westcott; *Sticky*, Francis Ford; *Mrs. Davis*, Emma Dunn.

"TOP HAT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott. From the adaptation by Karl Noti. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Jerry Travers*, Fred Astaire; *Dale Tremont*, Ginger Rogers; *Horace Hardwick*, Edward Everett Horton; *Madge*, Helen Broderick; *Alberto*, Erik Rhodes; *Bates*, Eric Blore.

"TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Alan Ludwig. Screen play by Ford Beebe. Directed by Joseph Kane. The cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Smiley*, Smiley Burnette; *Jerry*, Lucile Browne; *Janet*, Norma Taylor; *Dr. Parker*, George Hayes; *Craven*, Edward Hearn; *McWade*, Jack Rockwell; *Shorty*, Frankie Marvin; *Connors*, George Cheseboro; *Eightball*, Eugene Jackson; *Blaze*, Charles King; *Higgins*, Charles Whitaker; *Sheriff*, George Burton; *Sykes*, Tom London; *Harry Brooks*, Cornelius Keefe; *1st Henchman*, Tommy Coates; *2nd Henchman*, Cliff Lyons; *3rd Henchman*, Bud Pope; *4th Henchman*, Tracy Layne.

"TWO FOR TONIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Max Lief and J. O. Lief. Screen play by George Marion, Jr. and Jane Storm. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Gilbert Gordon*, Bing Crosby; *Bobbie Lockwood*, Joan Bennett; *Mrs. J. S. K. Smythe*, Mary Boland; *Harry Kling*, Lynne Overman; *Lilly Bianca*, Thelma Todd; *Buster Da Costa*, James Blakeley; *Pooch Donahue*, Douglas Fowley; *Homps*, Ernest Cossart; *Alexander Myers*, Maurice Cass; *Author*, Charles L. Lane; *Jailer*, A. S. "Pop" Byron; *Prisoner*, John Gough; *Benny the Goof*, Charles E. Arnt.

"WITHOUT REGRET"—PARAMOUNT.—Adapted from a play by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Charles Brackett. Directed by Harold Young. The cast: *Jennifer Gage*, Elissa Landi; *Sir Robert Godfrey*, Paul Cavanagh; *Mona Gould*, Frances Drake; *Steven Paradine*, Kent Taylor; *Bill Gage*, David Niven; *Gwen*, Viva Tattersall; *Jessup*, Joseph North; *Godfrey Baby*, Betty Holt; *Inspector Hayes*, Gilbert Emery; *Drunk*, Stuart Hall; *Cleaver*, Colin Tapley; *Reporter*, Reginald Sheffield; *Doctor*, Forrester Harvey.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio

HARD riding, straight shooting and tender loving keep excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. As usual it's a hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks but the story has several neat and unexpected touches. Guinn Williams, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Bob Steele head a great Western name cast. Swell for the kids.

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis

BRILLIANT performances abound in this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery, reminiscent in plot in some respects of "Maedchen in Uniform." Woven through the story's pattern, is the theme thread of *Marie*, deserted by her demimondaine mother, and her tragic devotion to a maid. Done in French with English subtitles, the picture will appeal to the discriminating.

WITHOUT REGRET—Paramount

KENT TAYLOR and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. Miss Landi unfreezes considerably in this one, yet manages to avoid the super-vitality that almost ruined her career. Admirable support is given by Paul Cavanagh and Frances Drake.

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot

DRAMATIC incidents in the lives of various persons including a playwright-producer (Victor Jory), his temperamental star (Evelyn Venable), a crook and his ex-sweetie (Sidney Blackmer and Esther Ralston), a husband and the wife he is deserting, and a race against the stork are climaxed on a cross-country record run of a streamline train. Fair film fare.

THE GIRL FRIEND—Columbia

MOSTLY a musical burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Roger Pryor, a broke actor, poses as a big producer in a hick town, rashly promises to produce bumpkin Jack Haley's play, then falls in love with his sister, Ann Sothorn, and has to come through. Hence the amateur musical. Good song or two—but don't cry if you miss it.

THE LOST CITY—Super-Serial

CHUCK logic and common sense overboard and you might have some fun laughing at this wild story of an engineer (Kane Richmond) and his expedition to a fantastic city in Africa. There's an incredulous scientific set-up, a mad master of it all (William Boyd) and his henchman (Josef Swickard) to do the dirty work. Also a beautiful girl whom Boyd rescues.

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic

PETER B. KYNE'S beloved character, *Cappy Ricks* (Robert McWade) emerges from retirement again to best his arch business enemy, *Blake* (Oscar Apfel) in a crooked deal involving legislative discrimination against *Cappy's* redwood shingles. Photography, direction, dialogue and performances are well up to par in this amusing picture. Ray Walker, McWade, Bradley Page, the villain, and Florine McKinney, the girl, carry the plot.

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount

BILL BOYD and the rest of the competent cast should ride along to new film favor in this first picturization of the famous Clarence E. Mulford "Hop-Along Cassidy" stories. The rôle of the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand fits Boyd like a glove and the action is fast from start to finish. Paula Stone is the girl and Jimmy Ellison is Boyd's pal.

All Hollywood Plays This New Game

Hollywood calls it: "RADIO," but it might have been called: "Hot and Cold." It's a new version of "Blind Man's Buff" without the bandage over the eyes. Here's the way it's played:

Send one person from the room and then you, the group, decides what he shall do and say when he returns. For instance, you might want him to do this: remove the ring from a certain girl's hand and place it on the finger of another person in the room. Or pick up a glass of water from a table and walk to a particular spot in the room, face the group and propose a toast. Have the "it" do anything, the crazier the better.

When the person returns to the room, here's what happens:

He starts around the room slowly, with arms outstretched, and waves his hands over every person and object he approaches, lamps, pictures, furniture or people. While he is doing this, one of the gang sits at the controls of the radio (or plays the piano). Very softly comes the music until the person comes near the first object. The radio is tuned up in volume to let the person know he is getting *warm*. When he gets very close, the volume is even louder to warn him that he is *hot*.

In the ring exchange: the radio would play softly until the person waved his hand near the right girl. When he waves over the correct hand, tune louder and when he touches the ring play even louder until he actually takes it off. Then tune the radio down while he walks around the room with the ring. When he comes near the second girl, start tuning louder again until he does the thing as planned. If the person does the wrong thing while the radio is loud—it should be tuned softer to warn him.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

And So You Think He's Funny!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

storm came up, and the steerage passengers had to be locked below because of danger of heavy seas washing them overboard. For several days they had nothing to eat but dry bread and moldy cheese. When they arrived at Ellis Island, they were detained again, locked up while their fellow passengers went on. But finally everything was straightened out, and they were released to look at the tall city. Joe left his name tag behind at Ellis Island, but he carried under his arm a huge map on which was marked the route they were to follow to Detroit. On the crowded streets he continually bumped people with the ends of the map, surly individuals who shouted rude, untranslatable words at the funny looking little boy and the two old people. To this day, Joe hates to carry packages!

WHEN he met his mother at the Detroit station, he only felt more strange. He didn't believe it was she. He hadn't seen her for seven years, and it was a great shock to hear this pretty, modishly dressed American woman call him son and shower him with kisses. Joe told me: "I get out at the station. I am lugging this big map, and all of a sudden, a woman starts kissing me. I don't know what to do, and then my grandparents say: 'This is your mother.' I feel very silly. I keep looking at this nice woman in the big hat, all pretty and corseted, like I had never seen a woman, and I don't know what to do."

And so life began in America. Father Pinter's wages were none too large, and there were times when the five Pinters knew what hunger was. Joe, himself, always sensitive to "nice things and nice clothes," realized he wasn't as well dressed as the other boys and girls with whom he was thrust into public school. Also, to his great distress, because he couldn't speak English, he was pushed into the primary class. And because children are cruel, when they discovered his sensitiveness, they laughed at the funny little Hungarian lad, and he drew within himself. Nine years old, at that most impressionable age, he felt a humiliation which seared him deeply and which still can make shivers run up his back.

As he grew older, even though he quickly made up the lost grades, he became more and more self-conscious. He didn't have girls because he didn't have any clothes, but he started getting jobs. First, he sold papers on the street long before he could pronounce English names, standing on the corner yelling "Droy Free Press" (Detroit Free Press)—probably as intelligible an interpretation of the name as lots of American boys give it today!—but Joe didn't know that. And then—I think this is swell—he got himself a job as a Western Union lad because he thought it would be so nice to dress up in that uniform. He even joined the Episcopal choir—and his family were not Episcopalians—in order to wear a choir robe and also to take advantage of the training in singing. Eventually he became a bell boy in a Turkish bath because here he made the most money.

Last year when Joe and his wife were making their way into a St. Louis hotel, the bell boy carrying their bags kept giving Joe funny looks. Finally, he banged down the luggage and said: "I'll be damned if I'll carry your bags. We used to sit on a bell together." Joe laughed

and said: "Well, I guess we did." The bell boy said: "Well, what do you know about that!" and shook him heartily by the hand.

He joined a crew of boys "working their way through college" by selling magazines. He went around signing people up for violin lessons and giving them a violin free. At one time he was well launched on a straight business career at the Ford factory, working himself up from messenger boy at \$18 a week to a purchasing clerk station at \$250 a month. He can still tell you about the lovely glass-enclosed office which Edsel Ford occupied and the great oak room on the second floor where Henry sat. He loved his job; it meant money and respectability and "nice things" for his mother.

But here Fate intervened to sock him on the jaw again—the Joe Pinter who, he thought, was at last actually getting a foothold in the country where he had started so poorly. The Ford place cut down, and a ruling went out that two members of one family could not hold jobs. Joe, of course, gave up his job in favor of his father. "I was making more money, but my father loved his job. He had had it so many years."

Then Joe tried to learn a trade as a painter, and all he did was lug heavy ladders around for an ignorant boss. He made little money, but what he could, he invested in his clothes, "to look nice." Sometimes he had to hock these clothes, and once, when he was selling hand-painted photographs, of all things, he went without an overcoat and food for three days.

"You know," he said to me, "those scenes in movies where you see a hungry guy standing outside a bakery shop and looking longingly at the bread and pies within? You think that's all baloney? I tell you differently. I know the feeling in the pit of the stomach, and I know a shop in Toledo where I stood one Winter afternoon, almost starved. Finally, I went in, and a nice benevolent woman behind the counter gave me some rolls and coffee after I had cried out my tale. That was the longest stretch I've gone without food, but I was hungry often."

A JOB as prop man with the Rex Mind Reading Act launched him in the show business. Of course, he had always loved shows. As a kid, when he carried his lunch to school, he used to amuse the other lunch-box kids during the noon hour by reciting, first, "Cohen on the Telephone" and then "The Sign of the Rose," first getting the kids laughing at Cohen and then pulling the tears with "Sign of the Rose." "I would really give it my all," he told me. "I'd get awfully dramatic and cry."

On amateur nights, he told jokes that seldom won the prize because he wasn't a cute, handsome kid.

Recently, he saw this same old, heart-breaking experience of his youth on a Joe Penner amateur night. A cute little tad who wasn't funny for sour beans was applauded by the audience the most and won the prize. Afterward, Joe went and found the boy who didn't win and slipped him a bill. "You were good, son," he said. "You should have won. I've been in your shoes many times."

The evolution of Joe from a prop man into a low comic eventually occurred, and Joe was happy. Soon he had courage enough to answer an ad in Billboard which announced Desmond's

New York Roof Garden Review wanted a comedian. When the answer was favorable, Joe hocked his clothes and violin for a ticket to New York, and when he got there, the manager didn't want to hire him because he had no costumes. "So help me," said Joe, "I've come all the way from Michigan for this job, and I'll be just as funny without costumes, I promise you."

Well, they gave him a tryout. They traveled all day Sunday, and on Monday night Joe went on, sick to his stomach with lack of food, and knees shaking for fear he wouldn't make good. To add to his troubles, he found himself, a comic, following that teary D. W. Griffith movie, "Hearts of the World," on the bill. It was a tough spot for any comic and particularly a hungry, nervous one. But Joe made them laugh. When he came back, the manager slapped him on the back and said: "You were great." Joe's knees gave way, and he sat down suddenly. "If you think I'm all right, could I please have a dollar in advance to get some food?"

FROM Desmond's New York Roof Garden Review (I love the sound of that name), Joe went in other shows. He was the fall comedian, the guy that took the big tumbles, and other comics took a malevolent pleasure in kicking this sensitive, self-conscious kid all around the place. They tore off his clothes, they bounced him on his face, and all for laughs. But Joe stood up under the beating. Although he made no friends and stayed by himself, he kept reassuring himself that some day he would know nice people and get nice clothes. He lived up to every nickel he made.

They made so much fun of Joe Penner during those low comic days that to this day he can't kid with anybody. He can take it but he thinks kidding, unless you have an awfully tough skin, is a cruel form of humor. In his youth it was simply a way of being made fun of.

There was one individual he knew loved him and still thought he was aces. That was his mother. And his first visit home to her after he was "in the money" was really something. He decked himself up in sartorial splendor with spats, cane, derby and tucked a \$50 bill in his vest pocket. Getting off the train in Detroit, he hailed a taxi (he had never ridden in one before!) and rolled up to his mother's door in style.

"I told the driver to toot the horn because I wanted Ma to see me arrive," he said. "He tooted and tooted, but nothing happened. So finally, I jumped out, ran up, and punched the door bell and then went back into the taxi. I wanted her to know I was really successful when I could ride a cab. Well, there was a big meeting. I'm crying, and she's crying, and she's saying, 'Oh, my boy,' and I'm saying, 'Oh, my mother,' and we're in each other's arms, and the top to it all is that, just before I get out this \$50 bill for her, she runs in the back room and comes out with \$50 to give me, which she'd saved out of the two and one buck bills I've sent her!"

I'll skip the details of Joe's rise to fame. Suffice to say, he went on being a good comic, getting better and better jobs, was in several Broadway shows, and finally found himself with a radio contract. Then he really became famous, and Hollywood beckoned.

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Walter C. Kelly
Jan Kiepura
Billy Lee

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
George Arliss
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blane
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Pietro Gentili
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Jack Haley
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
James Barton
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Dave Chasen
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
Wynne Gibson
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Alan Hale
Jane Hamilton
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Michael Bartlett
Wynley Birch
Tala Birell
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Nancy Carroll
Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Douglas Dumbrille
Leon Errol
Thurston Hall
Arthur Hohl
Victor Jory

Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Grete Natzler
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Penner
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Fred Stone
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Paul Kelly
Rosina Lawrence
Edmund Lowe
Fredric March
Nino Martini
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Tutta Rolf
Simone
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Andrew Tombes
Claire Trevor
Edward Trevor
Henry B. Walthall
Jane Withers
Loretta Young

Katharine Hepburn
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Helen Mack
Ray Mayer
Raymond Middleton
Helen Parrish
Evelyn Poe
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Lionel Stander
Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Sutton
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
John Wood
Robert Woolsey

Miriam Hopkins
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford

Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Lloyd Nolan
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Constance Collier
Cicely Courtneidge
Joan Crawford
Live de Maigret
Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Igor Gorin
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Gyles Isham
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Frances Langford

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King

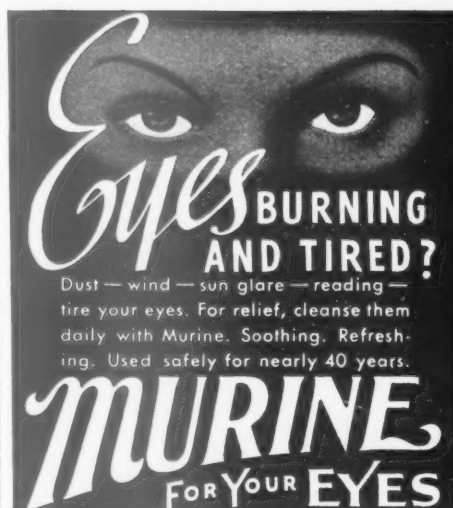
Frank Lawton
Edmund Lowe
Bela Lugosi
Henry Mollinson
Hugh O'Connell
Dorothy Page
Marina Passerowa
ZaSu Pitts
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Paul de Ricou
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Helen Ericson
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Virginia Grey
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.



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tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them
daily with Murine. Soothing. Refresh-
ing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.

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We have discovered a new treatment which destroys the pimple germ. Hundreds of tests have shown marvelous results. Easy to use. Results guaranteed. Ask your druggist for Stillman's Acetone Write today for our free pamphlet telling how it has removed pimples for others.

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The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.



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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
Dept. P-11
1925 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN wrote the insanities for the Marx Brothers' latest opus, "A Night at the Opera."

Reading Mr. Kaufman's script is an unusual experience.

For instance, we ran across this bit of instruction:

"Chico plays 'Pagliacci' with his right hand and 'Stars and Stripes Forever' with his left"—and then in brackets—"let the so-and-so try this one!"



Bobby Breen, eight-year-old lyric tenor, no less, is the latest child discovery of Sol Lesser, pioneer independent producer who has been identified with the success of Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, and other juvenile stars. Bobby's voice has had high praise from top singers

EVERY bit as exciting as one of those mad movie chases was Mary Boland's recent exit from Hollywood.

Faced with a \$150,000 suit, Mary, dodging process servers, hid out at the William Gargans the eve before she was supposed to take the train for New York and a part in "Jubilee." The process servers immediately besieged the Gargan castle, stayed there all night until, in the wee small hours, Bill and his wife and Mary mustered all the cars available and roared out of the drive in different directions.

They met at the airport, where Paul Mantz, the "Honeymoon Pilot," hustled Mary Boland and Mary Gargan aboard his ship and hopped off. Bill stayed behind to punch the time clock on "The Milky Way."

DOWNRIGHT genius, that's what it was Richard Boleslawski, 20th Century-Fox director, exhibited when dealing with one dress problem.

Gowns were ordered for Alice Brady. They were too small at the first fitting, and were ordered altered. Came the second fitting and they were too big. Miss Brady, in the few days, had shrunk considerable pounds.

So Boleslawski ordered Alice to eat until she did fit them.

NEVER in the history of Hollywood have the armies of autograph hunters been more swollen, persistent and downright ghastly as they've been this past Summer.

Every opening, major or minor, has been engulfed by swarms of pencil wavers. Not long ago Joan Crawford found a human skull popped in front of her to sign. She had to shudder and decline the honor. The other day a touring car ran over one of Kay Johnson's turkeys out in Hidden Valley. Immediately the driver popped out and asked for the deceased fowl as a souvenir!

The whole thing seems to have become a morbid national sport. You can't blame the stars if they take to head shaking when attacked by the ruthless, bad-mannered hordes of curiosity seekers.

VERILY, out of the mouths of babes.

Sonny, an 11-year-old beau of Wendy Barrie, doing nicely in "A Feather in Her Hat" for Columbia, was watching Wendy in a fast game at the Bath and Tennis Club. It was a hot afternoon and Wendy was a bit the worse for wear. Nonetheless, Sonny gallantly continued his expounding and extolling of her charms and virtues.

"Of course," he added honestly, "she screens much better than she looks."

TEN years ago last August Garbo came to Hollywood. On her anniversary she was away again—back home in Sweden. But how different after those ten years!

Then she cashed a weekly paycheck of \$300. Today, every time she makes a picture, she multiplies that \$300 by \$1000. Any one of a dozen sponsors would fight to pay her up to \$50,000 for a few minutes on the air any given night. If she chose to endorse anything, she could name her own terms.

Her pictures are not great hits. She is the object of constant criticism—but she's the greatest living legend. She's more than an actress, more than a personality, more than a star.

She's Garbo—she's magic!

Can you explain it?

ROTUND and genial Walter Connolly spent a recent Sunday showing some out-of-town friends the "sights" of Hollywood. The party ended up at the polo matches.

"What was the score?" Mrs. Connolly asked.

"Fourteen screen stars, six directors and Peter the Hermit," Connolly counted.

IT'S a funny thing about humor. You never can tell.

For instance, popping in on Harold Lloyd's picture, "The Milky Way," Cal was informed about the care with which Harold Lloyd is shooting. One scene a day or thereabouts. Gags and laugh formulas filmed to perfection.

"So that at the end of the day," confided Bill Gargan, "we've been doing the same thing all day long and it isn't by any chance funny to any of us. Yet the last take is the one they'll print—and when we see it the next morning in the rushes we all laugh our heads off!"

Maybe a good night's rest does it.

In This Splendid Book Sylvia of Hollywood Tells You

How To Reduce

Your Weight Fifteen Pounds or More a Month



Madame Sylvia Also Tells You How to Gain Weight and How the Movie Stars Keep Their Figures and Velvety Complexions

If you are overweight and wish to lose fifteen pounds of ugly fat during the next month—you can do it. Yes, it's as simple as that if you but follow the instructions of Madame Sylvia as given in her book *No More Alibis*.

Sylvia tells you how to lose those unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely. You won't have a drawn, flabby face. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve. You will have an alert mind and your eyes will be clear and sparkling. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure.

If you are skinny Sylvia's weight gaining regime adds flattering pounds at an amazingly fast rate. Just think what fifteen or more pounds could do for you. Wouldn't it make a tremendous difference if you have a flat chest and skinny legs? Of course it would.

As perhaps you know, Sylvia of Hollywood is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find *all* of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets.

There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this book is only \$1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—today.



No More Alibis is full book size. It contains over 135 pages and is illustrated with more than 40 photographic plates. It is beautifully covered in a rich coral Pyrocraft binding. Send for your copy of this amazing book—today

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Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis" by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose \$1.00.

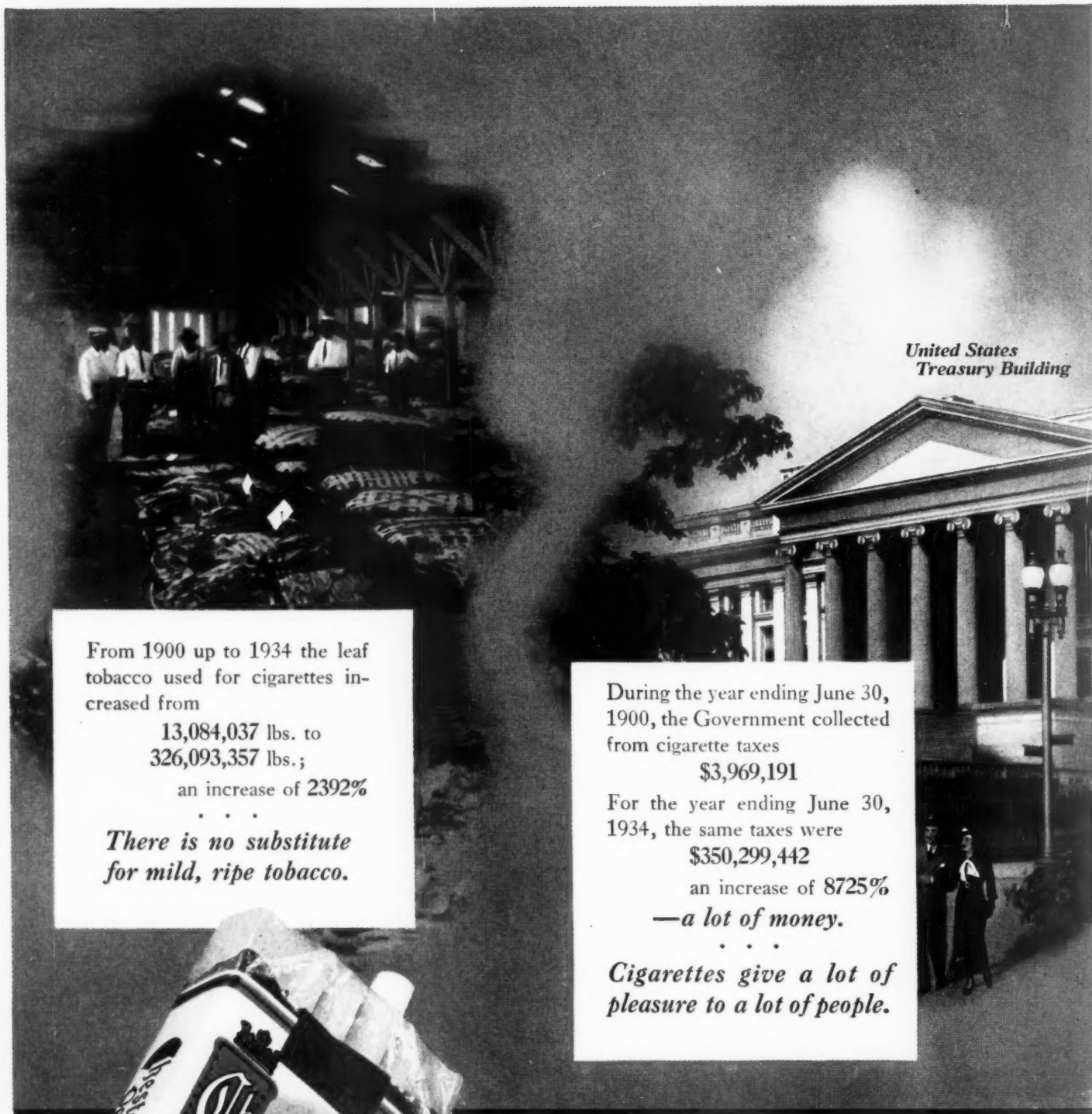
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State.....





United States
Treasury Building

From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

*There is no substitute
for mild, ripe tobacco.*

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

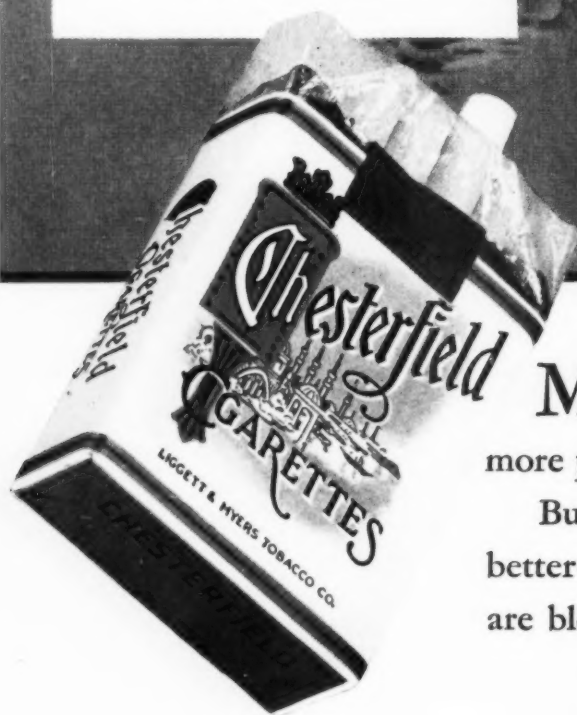
For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

*Cigarettes give a lot of
pleasure to a lot of people.*



More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.

Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.

